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D. N. PRITT on UNIFORMS BILL

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE Public Order Bill is both good and bad. We understand that Sir John Simon has himself taken immense pains with its drafting and we do not doubt that it is prompted by the sincere intention to prevent the evil of private armies and political uniforms. Its early clauses adopt what is probably the most effective way of checking this particular aspect of Fascist propaganda. This view is endorsed by the very lucid and expert analysis of the Bill which Mr. Pritt contributes to our columns this week. But he goes on to point out the grave dangers in other clauses of the Bill—dangers to which we have called attention since the beginning of the demand for the suppression of political uniforms.

Fascism and Liberty

The Bill as it now stands confers new and dangerous powers on the police authorities. It would endow them with the right to suppress almost any demonstration of public feeling *without having to answer for their action in the Courts*. It is well to recall the history of the ten years before Hitler triumphed in Germany. Street disorders led all the political parties to agree to increasing police powers which gradually abrogated all civil liberty, until in the final period of Brüning and Schleicher nominally the real authority of the State had wholly passed into the hands of the Executive and the police. As a result Hitler was able to take power without serious opposition. The German Social Democrats have been blamed for not resisting Hitler in the final stages of the struggle; the truth is that they had in the final stages little power to resist. They lost the battle during the preceding ten years. Our hope of retaining liberty in this country is to maintain the rule of law which is abandoned in the Bill. The particular evils of political uniforms and private semi-military organisations can be dealt with without these further unnecessary encroachments on our liberties and we hope that Conservatives, who have often championed the rule of law in the past, will join with the Opposition Parties in so amending this Bill that it will increase and not destroy our constitutional rights.

The Struggle for Madrid

Madrid has held out with a stubbornness that few had expected—General Franco and his friends least of all. Day after day the battle has raged at close quarters on the edge of the city. The rebels claim to have made progress, but the progress has been mainly in the destruction of buildings by air-bombs and shells. The defenders, who include practically every able-bodied man (and many women) capable of handling any sort of weapon, have

pushed the enemy back at several points. Franco's casualties have been very heavy, and he will have an increasing difficulty in replacing his losses by new drafts of Moors or legionaries. Meanwhile the defence has received an accession of strength from Catalonia. Two thousand well equipped troops, with artillery and machine guns, have arrived in Madrid and according to messages from Barcelona there are more to follow. A Catalan offensive, threatening Franco's forward bases and his communications between Toledo and Madrid, might prove to be a turning point in the struggle. This reinforcement from Catalonia is in any case of immense value to the Spanish Government. That Government is now in Valencia, and Madrid is apparently not suffering by its migration. The Defence Junta which has been left in control appears to be acquitting itself on the civil as well as on the military side with great credit.

After the Election

The completeness of President Roosevelt's triumph has robbed American politics of any polemical interest. It is announced that Father Coughlin, possibly under pressure from his Church, will now retire from " the air." So ends one of the most remarkable experiments of our time in the technique of agitation. His talks were a skilful blend of fairly close argument with passionate vituperation, and he claimed that eight million listeners had paid to join his organisation. But the event proved that this influence evaporated completely on election day. The probability is that the forces of property, after their rout in the political field, will transfer the battle to industry. The strike of longshoremen and sailors has now spread from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast, and the American merchant marine is almost completely immobilised. As yet the Administration has failed to persuade the employers to negotiate. Since the disappearance of the New Deal legislation the Administration has no effective weapon with which to deal with defiant capitalists. A series of gigantic lock-outs may be the answer of Big Business to the votes of the Forgotten Man.

Colonel Beck

If Colonel Beck's visit to London was a voyage of exploration, let us hope that he succeeded in discovering what is the European policy of the British Government. If it was a mission of explanation, again let us hope that Downing Street in its turn pierced the mystery of Polish balancing. The effort of both sides to converse without saying anything intelligible must have been vastly diverting. They discussed, presumably, the proposed conversations to draft a new Locarno Treaty, at the second stage of which, Poland should take part. But the belief that these conversations will ever be held fades rapidly. There is, however, little doubt that over the head of the Colonel Polish policy in recent weeks has swung back into the orbit of France. This orientation reflects the sympathies of General Rydz-Smigly, and the way for it was eased by the readiness of French capitalists to resume investment in Poland on a large scale. By balancing between the two camps the Poles have extorted considerable gains from each in turn. Meanwhile in Warsaw the General, with ceremonies resembling a coronation, has been invested with the Field-Marshal's baton that once Pilsudski carried. He thus becomes, as it were, Dictator *en titre*. Why, then, does he retain in Colonel Beck a pro-German Foreign Secretary opposed to his own tendencies, an odd choice, since the Colonel ranks as the least popular politician in Warsaw? Some reply that the Opposition has clamoured too loudly for the Colonel's head. One thing a Dictator cannot do; he must never yield. Others see in the arrangement a natural division of labour. The Marshal bleeds France; the Colonel milks Germany.

Noughts and Crosses

Two points of substance emerged from an otherwise unilluminating defence debate in the House of Commons on Tuesday. One is that an appropriate pigeon-hole has been found for the recommendations of the Royal Commission on Arms Manufacture (they are being examined by a " well-qualified body of men "), and the other is that rearmament is to continue, apparently *ad infinitum*, without any clear conception on the Government's part of the contingencies against which we are rearming, or—still less—any serious effort to obviate such contingencies by diplomatic action. Of course, there are " plans." Sir Thomas Inskip was at pains to emphasise that the General Staff is busily planning strategy and tactics for any and every sort of future war. But throughout the debate no hint was given of any intention of the Government to seek for the removal of latent causes of war or to give any lead in an international effort to check the present European armaments competition. Winding up, Sir Samuel Hoare observed complacently, and with truth, that no speaker had questioned the need for rearmament. In endeavouring to satisfy the Government back-benchers that rearmament was being adequately speeded up, he and Sir Thomas Inskip alike ignored Mr. Kingsley Griffiths' pertinent question: Can the young men who may be called upon to fight feel assured that they are not being made victims of a game of noughts and crosses—crosses for the battlefields and noughts for the armament makers' ledgers of profits in millions?

Share-pushing

Mr. Runciman has agreed to set up a committee of inquiry into the revival of " share-pushing " activities which has accompanied the recovery of investment values during the past year. This matter was supposed to have been settled a few years ago as a result of the legislation which followed the Greene Committee on joint stock company law. But the very cautious restrictions laid down in the last Companies Act have proved to be quite ineffective. If share-pushers cannot operate lawfully in one way they will operate in another—taking cover, for example, behind the Industrial and Provident Societies Acts, if their position under the Companies Acts becomes harder to maintain. The fact is that, as long as investment is left to the uncontrolled operations of private enterprise, " share-pushing " is bound to exist on a large scale; for the freedom of the entrepreneur to borrow, and of the investor to invest, just as he pleases, without reference to any national plan of economic development, necessarily involves freedom for crooks and optimists to mislead the public into wasting its money. " Share-pushing," with its appeal to the credulity of the inexpert,

is the natural correlative to the accepted respectability of stock market speculation. The Government may be able to erect a fence to bar its advance along the existing line; but the share-pusher will not take long to find a new way round any restrictions which a Government, devoted to the cause of "private enterprise," is likely to be found willing to impose.

Physique and Nutrition

The debates in both Houses of Parliament on the question of national physique have served to bring to the front a fundamental conflict of attitude. The National Government obviously wants physical training as an ingredient in a general policy of military preparedness, and is most reluctant to pay any attention to the claim that satisfactory nutrition, rather than any system of physical exercises, is the key to improvement in the nation's health. This, however, as Professor Julian Huxley insists in a letter to the *Times*, is putting the cart before the horse. Defective as medical knowledge on the subject of nutrition still admittedly is, we do know enough to say that a large proportion of the population—probably at least one-third—is still getting a diet seriously inadequate in protective foods, especially vitamins and mineral salts. Compulsory physical exercises will put an additional strain on the bodies of a large number of young people whose diets are already inadequate. If we wish to add to their efficiency, the obvious first steps are to generalise the supply of milk, free or at reduced prices, to children of all ages throughout the year, as well as to expectant and nursing mothers, and to extend the system of school meals, either free or at special rates, to the entire school population. In default of action along these lines, the imposition of any sort of compulsory physical training is unjustifiable, save on crudely military grounds.

Shop Assistants Reorganise

The movement for the regulation of working conditions in retail shops has at last induced the two Trade Unions which cater for distributive workers to enter into an agreement for amalgamation. For many years past, the rivalry between the National Union of Distributive and Allied Workers and the Shop Assistants' Union has stood in the way of any effective campaign for the organisation of shop workers; and this has become an increasingly important matter as distribution has absorbed a larger and larger proportion of the total number of insured workers. The N.U.D.A.W., beginning as a society of Co-operative employees, has branched out into the wider domain of retail shopkeeping; while the Shop Assistants' Union has had many members in Co-operative employment, as well as in private retail trade. If the projected amalgamation, of which the terms have now been agreed, survives the ordeal of a ballot in which at least half the membership of each society must somehow be induced to vote, the combined body should be able both to start an effective drive for the better organisation of shop assistants, at any rate in the larger stores, and to represent far more powerfully the claims of the distributive workers to collective regulation of wages and hours. The logical sequel to early closing is the public enforcement of standard wages and conditions which will prevent undercutting and excessive hours of labour; and the combined society may be able both to overcome the snobbery which has hitherto prevented Trade Unionism from organising effectively many of the better-class shops, and to create a system of collective bargaining which will bring in many of the assistants in the smaller shops and warehouses.

An East African Scandal

False impressions are likely to be given by what has been said recently in certain newspapers about the absence from their homes for long periods of African labourers. The evil is real, as the official Nyasaland Report shows. In some tribes 80 per cent. of the adult males are always absent from their villages, most of them out of the country, at work for wages. Correspondents have cited the examples of the Belgian Congo, where, in theory at least, the Administration forbids a higher proportion than 20 per cent. to be away from home at one time. In a large part of British Eastern Africa mere administrative prohibition of migration would be futile. The law would simply be disobeyed. These men go hundreds of miles in search of work and abandon their families for one or more years at a time, not because they wish to, but because they must; by no other means can they find the money for their poll-taxes. The reason other means are lacking is that Governments in most East African countries have failed to organise production for export, as cotton in Uganda and coffee in Tanganyika have been organised. And the reason peasant producers are not encouraged, in Nyasaland and elsewhere, is that it is in the interest of employers to have at all times an abundant and cheap labour supply. The true remedy for the evil is to organise the production and transport at reasonable cost of crops for sale, so that those who now have to migrate may be able to earn money at home.

Slander and the B.B.C.

In the slander action brought against Sir Cecil Levita by Mr. R. S. Lambert, facts have emerged which make an official inquiry imperative. At present only fragments of the story have appeared, but we have the text of the memorandum warning Mr. Lambert that his position in the B.B.C. was in serious danger of being prejudiced if he used his ordinary rights as a British citizen to protect himself from slander. This extraordinary document was signed by Sir Stephen Tallents, but we do not know how far he was personally responsible for it, and whether it received the approval of Sir John Reith. It was suggested in court that Mr. Norman, a Governor of the B.B.C. and, incidentally, a personal friend of Sir Cecil Levita, used his influence in the Corporation to try to keep the matter out of court; but again we do not know what steps, if any, he took to attain this object. We have, however, the right to know; and it would be disgraceful if the Charter of the Corporation were renewed without a thorough probing of the circumstances which produced this memorandum. The B.B.C. professes to have feared that Mr. Lambert's action would damage the Corporation; the result is that it has been damaged in the public mind by this apparent effort to bully Mr. Lambert into the surrender of his rights.

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WHERE MEN DECAY

THE hunger marchers have some reason to be satisfied with their reception. True, they have been denied access to the Bar of the House and the press has mentioned them as little as possible—for the "non-political" march from Jarrow does not count as a "hunger march." But public opinion, both inside and outside the Labour movement, is more aware than ever before that these men from the depressed areas have real cause for complaint, not only about the inadequacy of the doles which are measured out to them, but still more for being left without hope in the midst of a trade revival already dignified by economists with the name of a boom.

Trade, we now know, can become good and still leave almost unaffected the plight both of the depressed areas and of the chronically unemployed even in more prosperous districts. In Sheffield, for example, rearmament and the general recovery of steel production have brought back high profits and "full employment" of plant and machinery; but the effect has been rather to put workers who were on short time on to full time, and workers who were on full time on to overtime, than to absorb in employment those who had no work at all. The "chronic" cases remain out of work; the general improvement serves only to aggravate the disparity of their condition.

Still plainer is the contrast between one area and another. The "boom" which has reduced total unemployment by more than half a million during the past year has left the distressed centres of the older basic industries, except steel, almost untouched, so that it is now indisputable that no recovery in these regions can be looked for unless it is definitely brought about by deliberate planning and control. New or expanding industries, for reasons that are well enough known, will not settle in these districts of their own accord. Their promoters will prefer the easier access to flourishing consumers' markets, the pleasanter living and working conditions, the less unionised labour and the better transport and marketing facilities of the expanding South. To firms in search of orders, an address in a depressed area is as much of a handicap as a slum address to a social climber; and each factory that is established in Greater London or Greater Birmingham furnishes an additional reason why the next factory to be set up should seek a like location. The more distressed an area is, the more distressed it tends to become. Entrepreneurs, like other men, are gregarious animals; few of them, other things being equal, would choose to set up their tents in an industrial desert.

The Government clearly will do nothing about it. It is not stirred even by Mr. Malcolm Stewart's resignation from the thankless office of Commissioner for the Special Areas. Mr. Stewart's final report, which is now before the country, begins by acknowledging that progress has been made in various directions. But the exposure which follows reveals only too plainly what a bagatelle this "progress" in fact is. And all the important specific recommendations that he makes are for action outside the Special Areas Act. Yet the Government's decision, though it has had these recommendations before it for several months, is merely to renew the Act as it stands for a further period. It has found a new victim, Sir George Gillett, in Mr. Stewart's place, prepared to struggle with the same impossible task.

The facts and figures speak for themselves. When the Special Areas scheme was first launched, and given a vote of £5 millions to be getting on with, those who objected to the inadequacy of the amount were met with the answer that there was plenty more money available as soon as that was spent. Mr. Baldwin and Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Chamberlain all talked big about their generous intentions; and doubtless some people believed them. But Mr. Stewart, with the best will in the world, has only managed during his entire period of office to spend less than £2 millions out of the original five, though he has also entered into contingent commitments and guarantees which might, if they were all called up, result in the spending of about £7 millions over a period of years. Mr. Stewart, in his earlier reports, has explained forcibly enough why he has not come back to ask the Government for more money. The reason is that he has been so tied up in departmental red tape, and so hedged about by prohibitions against doing this and that, as to make more money utterly useless without an enlargement of the Commissioner's powers. That he does not advocate; he makes it clear that in his opinion it is the Government itself that should take direct responsibility.

Under the scheme as it stands, the Commissioner cannot aid any plan which is being aided by any other department. He cannot aid profit-making enterprise, or take any action outside the Special Areas, even if that is the best way of helping them. Whatever he does do has to run the gauntlet of Treasury control, and to encounter the close scrutiny of every other department which may regard itself as an interested party. Doubtless, some of these restrictions could be removed or relaxed under the Act as it stands; but so far the Government has shown no sign of any intention to relax them. To all appearances, the scheme was never meant to work—or rather it was meant to work only on so minute a scale as to be wholly irrelevant to all the major problems of the areas which it is supposed to help.

It is true that, since the scheme was first launched, there has been added to its original expedients a finance company specially designed to advance capital for economic development in the depressed areas, and this body has actually spent, or committed itself to spending, the magnificent sum of £33,000—shared, in proportions which the Government says it would be invidious to disclose, among all the areas concerned. We are told that there is more to come from this new fountain of liberality; and there well may be. But it is plain enough that, within the limits of the existing scheme, nothing significant will be allowed to happen.

This do-nothing attitude on the part of the Government is genuinely deplored by a very large body of their own supporters. In the debate on the Address, the most decisive proposals for enlarging the Special Areas scheme into a real form of territorial industrial planning came from the Conservative benches. It does not take a Socialist to see that the healthy economic development of the home market is incompatible with the permanent existence of large derelict areas within the country, or that an industrial revival which means harder work for those already employed, with relatively little effect on the "hard core" of chronic unemployment, is necessarily

precarious and unsound. Does the Government deny this?

Yet the answer is often made, even by those who recognise these unpalatable truths, that after all nothing much can be done. If industry chooses to desert the North for the South, as it formerly deserted the South for the North, we are told that we must accept its migration as the consequence of a natural economic law, with whose operation we shall meddle at our peril. Nor is this view wholly wrong, from the orthodox capitalist standpoint; under the profit system, the entrepreneur must be left for the most part free to invest where he sees the best chance of profit, or he will not invest at all. If, however, reliance on the entrepreneur's will to invest, even when it is given free play, results in well over a million and a half workers being left unemployed at the top of a boom, the orthodox answer loses its force—for the tacit assumption behind it has been that *laisser faire* would reduce unemployment to the lowest possible level.

What, then, can be done? The Commissioner, or preferably a series of Regional Commissioners for each area, can be given, comparatively speaking, a free hand. They can be allowed to take over types of enterprise which, in other areas, fall within the scope of other Government departments. They can be given freedom to finance, or to aid, profit-making as well as non-profit-making undertakings; for, while the profit system remains in being, nothing but a revival of profitable business can lift the depressed areas out of their derelict condition.

This, in our view, is not the best way of tackling the problem. The best way would involve an attempt at the planning of industrial development on a national scale, with an assignment to each region and district of its part in a comprehensive national plan. Mr. Stewart's recommendations do not go quite to that point. He wants new industries attracted to the depressed areas, and he knows that the State must play an active part in this. But he does not suggest that industries should be compelled to plant themselves here or there; they should be forbidden certain places—especially Greater London, which should be put "out of bounds for further factory construction," and controlled "to secure a more evenly distributed production," in which it is hoped that the special areas would share. And the State, he holds, should offer inducements—in the shape of tax and rate reliefs and loan facilities—to industrialists going to these areas. Is it useless to urge even so moderate an essay in national planning upon the National Government? Here is an urgent problem, calling for immediate practical solutions. It cannot be good sense, even on the shortest view or from the most capitalistic standpoint, simply to drift on as we have drifted hitherto.

Behind the distresses of the derelict areas lies a terrible waste and destruction, not merely of productive resources, but of humanity itself. When "signing on" has become a trade—in some places the only trade men have known since their first entry upon manhood—the human spirit wastes away. By an inexorable attrition, the workless become the unemployable, passing from hope through bitterness into an apathy that is more than hate. Hunger-marching, all else apart, is abundantly justified if it staves off this horror. And it is well for Londoners that sometimes ghosts from the pit should walk the streets of the West End, and remind their denizens of a problem that is all too often out of sight, out of mind.

THE PUBLIC ORDER BILL

SIDE by side with some valuable clauses, the Public Order Bill contains some dangerous provisions. So far as it prohibits the wearing of uniforms and military drilling for purposes of political propaganda, which have developed highly objectionable tendencies, it has nothing but merit. But one must judge every part of the Bill on its merits, on its actual wording; and the more one studies it, the more anxious one becomes.

Anxiety arises for two main reasons. In the first place, much of the Bill contains phraseology which lacks the qualities of definition and certainty in operation which are essential to satisfactory criminal legislation. It is only right to state at once that the draftsman has done wonders. No one confronted with the task of preparing the legislation which he has had to prepare could have got nearer to certainty; but it remains true that the Bill, mainly by reason of the inherent difficulties of the problem, has a low coefficient of certainty. (And it must not be overlooked that that defect in legislation is the more serious when the bulk of the cases that actually arise under it will be political in their nature and will have to go before courts almost wholly staffed by laymen appointed from political lists.)

But the more serious ground of anxiety is that the result, whatever the motive, of much of the Bill is to put into the hands of the executive a weapon which may enable it, one day when the temptation arises, to cripple and even to annihilate ordinary political parties to which it is opposed. In this respect, parts of this Bill almost recall the Incitement to Disaffection Bill as originally introduced.

The new Bill is longer and more elaborate than was generally expected, and contains six or seven separate heads of legislation, nearly all of which deserve separate study.

The first and most interesting of these heads relates to "uniform signifying association with any political organisation or with the promotion of any political object." Although it inevitably and undeservedly hits the "Green Shirts," it is perhaps the least unsatisfactory part of the Bill. It is probably far wiser to leave the question of what amounts to uniform to the courts (even to courts of summary jurisdiction) than to attempt to frame a definition; and whilst the clause may possibly not work in practice, and will be disastrous if it does not, I myself believe that it will work, and if it does it will be very valuable. The method adopted by the draftsman is to provide that anyone wearing uniform as described above in any public place or at any public meeting* shall be guilty of an offence, punishable on summary conviction with imprisonment up to three months or a fine up to £50, or both. The drafting is about as good as it could be, although I am puzzled by a proviso which allows a chief officer of police with the consent of a Secretary of State (normally, no doubt, the Home Secretary) to permit such a uniform to be worn on ceremonial anniversary or other occasions if he is satisfied that no risk of public disorder is involved. It seems a pity to provide, however cautiously, for expressly sanctioning the wearing in public of a proscribed uniform, if only because it gives political organisations of the type interested a plausible reason for maintaining their uniforms ready and intact, to be brought out perhaps illegally, at a moment when they think the executive will not interfere. Cases must not be carried further than charge and remand (in custody or on bail) without the consent of the Attorney-General.

The next head of legislation has some attractive features, but is nevertheless somewhat disquieting. It deals, according to the side-note in the Bill, with "quasi-military organisations," although those words are not to be found in the

* "Public meeting" is defined as including any meeting in a public place and any meeting which the public or any section thereof are permitted to attend, whether on payment or otherwise; and "meeting" means a meeting held for the purpose of the discussion of matters of public interest or for the purpose of the expression of views on such matters.

text of the clause. Again the actual drafting deserves high praise. The clause in question, Clause 2, provides that those who control, manage, organise or train certain associations, but not the mere members or adherents, may be punished with imprisonment up to two years or a fine up to £500, or both, the Attorney-General's sanction to prosecution again being required. The associations affected are those whose members or adherents are either

> (*a*) organised or trained or equipped for the purpose of enabling them to be employed in usurping the functions of the police or of the armed forces of the Crown; or
>
> (*b*) organised and trained or organised and equipped either for the purpose of enabling them to be employed for the use or display of physical force in promoting any political object, or [my italics] *in such manner as to arouse reasonable apprehension that they are organised and either trained or equipped for that purpose.*

The clause does not end there, and there is much worse to come, but it will be useful to consider at once the effect of the words quoted above. Sub-clause (*a*) may not prove to be very harmful in application, or even to have much opportunity of being applied; the real defect here is uncertainty, for not only must the court decide with what purpose (i.e., practically, with what motive) men have been organised or trained or equipped, but the description of that purpose is itself too wide and vague. The attempt to decide whether someone had the purpose of enabling someone else to usurp the functions of scores of thousands of other people whose functions are extremely varied will perhaps not be as difficult in practice as it looks when set out in cold print; but it will certainly not be easy. But sub-clause (*b*) is worse. Let us examine it, as it is reasonable to do, in the light of a scared or hostile executive facing a legitimate opposition party which it desires to cripple. "Organisation and training" may be very slight and innocent developments; and even the organisation and training of stewards for the protection of meetings might be "for the purpose of enabling them to be employed for the use or display of physical force." But it is not even necessary to prove as much as that, for the clause will be fulfilled if the organisation and training do no more than "arouse reasonable apprehension" of that purpose.

The full danger of this sub-clause (*b*) is, however, only apparent when one examines the next portion of Clause 2. As I read this, it seems clear that, when the Executive wants to cripple any opposition party which may plausibly be alleged to fall within sub-clause (*b*), the Attorney-General can proceed *ex parte* in the High Court, behind the back of the party; and on his showing a *prima facie* case the Court can make an order tying up the whole of the property of the party and direct an inquiry and report as to its affairs. The first that the party hears of the matter may well be the simultaneous blocking of its bank account and the arrival at its offices of "inquirers." The party may, of course, be perfectly innocent of any breach of the law, and when, after some weeks of inquiry, with the disclosure of all its affairs to the executive and the presumably complete stoppage of its operations, the matter comes before the Court again it may be discharged without a stain on its character. On the other hand, if the report is against the party, it may, after the Court has heard any persons appearing to it to be interested, be in effect wound up, its creditors paid, any "innocent" subscribers given their money back, and any surplus forfeited to the Crown.

No comment is necessary to show the possible and not even unlikely abuses of this provision; but we have not, alas, nearly reached the end of Clause 2. It goes on to provide that in any criminal or civil proceedings under the clause proof of things done or of words written, spoken or published, even in the absence of any party to the proceedings, by persons "appearing to be" members or adherents of an association shall be admissible as evidence of the purposes for which, or the manner in which, members or adherents (whether those or others) were organised, trained or equipped. A loophole is kindly provided, for it remains open to the prisoner or defendant to prove that the persons "appearing to be" members or adherents were not in fact so. This provision is really very dangerous. See how it may work out. The prosecuting authorities want to prove some of the "purposes" or "manners" (nicely or nastily indefinite things, anyhow) mentioned above. They give evidence that on some occasion a number of men who looked like Fascists, Communists, Septembrists, or Thursdayists, formed fours, or shouted incriminating slogans, as the case may be. The men may have been strangers, conveniently sent to do this by political opponents, or even, it may be, by the police themselves. The names and addresses of the men will not be known, but the prisoners will be told that to escape conviction they must affirmatively prove that the men had no connection with their association.

We have now nearly finished with Clause 2. The only remaining provision is as to the right of search of any premises where there is reasonable ground for suspecting that there is evidence that an offence has been committed. The provision follows exactly the words of the Incitement to Disaffection Act, which was very extensively modified on its passage through Parliament as a result of great public agitation. For that we should perhaps be grateful, but the provision is essentially one that is liable to abuse.

The third head, Clause 3 of the Bill, is called in the side-note "Powers for the preservation of public order on the occasion of processions." It has two distinct provisions, one objectionable and one extremely objectionable. The first gives the chief officer of police power to impose conditions on the holding of processions, but not to prohibit them. If, having regard to the time or the place at which, and the circumstances in which, any procession is taking place or is intended to take place, or to the route taken or proposed, he is of opinion that there is ground for apprehending that the procession may occasion serious public disorder, he may impose such conditions as appear to him necessary for the preservation of public order, including conditions prescribing the route and conditions prohibiting the procession from entering any particular street or public place.

This provision has a superficial plausibility and reasonability; and its defenders may say that, whilst it goes in some ways far further than the Metropolitan Police Act or the Town Police Clauses Act, 1847, it gives little power beyond what already exists at common law. But, as I read it, there is one tremendous difference. At common law, the police who are responsible for keeping order may prevent a procession proceeding in any particular direction if that is the only way of preventing a breach of the peace; but the legitimacy of their prohibition may be tested in the Courts. In this clause, however, as I read it, the whole power is placed in the hands of the police, without challenge or appeal. The mere opinion of the chief officer creates the right to impose such conditions as he thinks necessary; the Courts cannot interfere, except, of course, to punish those who do not obey. This is the birth of the Police State; the police are to be the sole judges of what is needed, and the Courts are excluded.

But this part of the Bill does not stop there. There is in the next sub-clause provision for full power to prevent processions in whole areas, without any possibility of appeal to the Courts. If at any time the chief officer of police is of opinion that "by reason of particular circumstances existing in any borough or urban district or in any part thereof" the power of imposing conditions above mentioned will not be sufficient to enable him to prevent serious public disorder being caused by holding processions there, he may apply to the council of the borough or district for an order prohibiting all processions or any class of procession for a certain period; and the council may then make such an order with the consent of a Secretary of State. In the City of London and in the Metropolitan Police District the powers of the councils above mentioned is to be exercised directly by the Commissioners.

Here, again, the common law power, with its liability to being checked by the Courts, is ignored, the Courts are excluded, and the executive is supreme. If at any moment

public indignation at the Means Test, or at some new breach of faith in foreign or home affairs, becomes sufficient to embarrass this or some other Government, some high officer of police may quite conveniently be alarmed, and within a day or two the populace will not even be allowed to demonstrate. It is the Police State, more clearly and more crudely than ever.

The fourth head of the Bill is, I think, wholly praiseworthy; it prohibits the carrying without lawful authority of any offensive weapon while present at any public meeting or on the occasion of any public procession.

The fifth head puzzles me. It prohibits the use of threatening, abusive, or insulting words or behaviour in any public place or at any public meeting, with intent to provoke a breach of the peace or whereby a breach of the peace is likely to be occasioned. This seems to me to be already amply covered by the common law, and I do not know why it has been made the subject of legislation.

The sixth head is a good example of what appears to be reasonable, but may in practice lend itself to abuse. It takes the form of an additional sub-section of the Public Meeting Act, 1908, empowering any constable who reasonably suspects any person of committing an offence against that Act (i.e., in substance, of disturbing the meeting) to demand the man's name and address. If the man refuses, or gives a false name and address, he is guilty of an offence. So far, so good; but the constable is then empowered to arrest the man without warrant, not only if he refuses to give his name and address, but also if the constable suspects (not "reasonably suspects") him of giving a false name and address or of intending to abscond. In practice, this will enable any constable to arrest without warrant any would-be heckler who opens his mouth at the meeting, and the risk of such arrest, with the attendant danger of losing their employment, will prevent many people from even heckling. However, this provision is so mild in comparison with earlier ones that one must not criticise it too severely.

There is only one other provision in the Bill which needs to be considered, the authority to a constable to arrest without warrant any person reasonably suspected by him of any offence in relation to the wearing of uniforms, the carrying of offensive weapons, or the use of threatening or abusive words. This, again, is not unreasonable in itself, although it may permit of abuse.

Looked at as a whole, the Bill is at once a blessing and a disappointment. It sets out to do some difficult but necessary things well; but it also tries to do some most unnecessary things very badly, and it gives the very clear impression that the mentality of the Government is reactionary, and indifferent to the "rule of law" and indifferent to freedom.

D. N. PRITT

"LONG LIVE DEATH"

(This title is a rebel slogan popular in Seville.)

THE Rebel Government has produced a little book* illustrated with photographs giving details of atrocities alleged to have been committed by villagers fighting against them and their Moorish levies in Andalusia. There are many accounts of brutal shootings and some stories of prisoners burned alive.

Everyone knows how unreliable reports of atrocities are, even when attested by eye-witnesses. The Germans did not commit more than a fraction of the things attributed to them when they marched into Belgium. The Spanish Right newspapers circulated all sorts of stories at the time of the Oviedo rising two years ago which were proved later to be untrue. The priest whose flesh had been offered for sale by Communist butchers turned up uninjured. The blinded children could never be found. However, I am not on the strength of this going to deny that many terrible and atrocious things have been done on the Government side; they themselves with regret have admitted as much, and so for all I know the greater part of the events described in this report are true. Indeed, I have evidence myself that in one or two Andalusian villages the prisons were set on fire whilst the Moors and Legionaries were fighting their way in. Possibly more deliberate burnings may occasionally have been committed (after all the *auto da fe* is not new in Spain). Though it is as well to note that the photographs given of burned bodies provide no evidence of this; it is a common practice on both sides to burn bodies after death.

At all events it seems best to assume that many or most of the things related here are true and to inquire how they came to take place. These villages, among the poorest in Spain, are situated in the area of large feudal estates. They have suffered several years of acute hunger and misery, deliberately fostered by the landlords, who, to show their dislike for the Republic, refused to cultivate more than a fraction of their estates or to repair their houses. The schools are nowhere less numerous or more thinly staffed, and the villagers believe, with reason, that their ignorance (for few can read) is deliberately fostered by the landlords and the Church. They have an anarchist tradition going back some forty or fifty years; anarchism in Southern Spain is really a religion of a fantastically idealist kind, and when the elections gave the Left a majority last March the villagers thought a golden age was about to dawn for them. With the removal of the landlords and the priests (these represent for them the scarcely human forces of darkness) happiness and plenty would come. When they saw the landlords coming back with an army of Moors their despair and fury can be imagined.

This is the background against which the appalling tragedy in Southern Spain is being played. However, there is really little need to invoke this background in accounting for these atrocities. Turn to page 48 of this Report, the section on Lora del Rio, and one reads: "The village had been quite calm until the arrival of the revolutionaries in flight from Carmona and La Campana." What, one wonders, had occurred in these two places to produce such an alteration? I happen to know what took place at Carmona. A company of Moors just arrived at Seville were sent to take it. Meeting with resistance from the militia, they decided to "make an example." The Moors were let loose and, as their custom is on these occasions, killed every man, woman and child in a certain part of the town. I know this because I heard General Queipo de Llano, with his usual *bonhomie*, announce it on the wireless as a warning to other villages, and later I obtained further details of what had happened—for example the Moors had raped the women before killing them and cut off the sexual organs of the men. How moderate the Government adherents of Carmona seem, who only, according to this report, "murdered two men!"

And it was not only in Carmona that the Moors have been allowed to make an example. They behaved in the same way at La Campana, though here they had some excuse (as they approached the village the last men to leave set fire to the gaol). They behaved in the same way in many other villages with no excuse whatever, except that they had met with resistance from the militia.

What horrors would not an investigation of this Andalusian countryside reveal! Everywhere where Franco's men have been they have shot all prisoners; they have shot schoolmasters, doctors, shopkeepers, whenever these were freemasons; they have shot workmen for the sole reason of having been married by the civil courts, and they have shot numbers of women and children. They have done this even when none of their own side has been killed, even at the very gates of Gibraltar; unimpeachable evidence proves it. The famous massacre of Badajoz was not exceptional; what was unusual there was that foreign journalists were present; and when the curtain goes up after this war it will be found that half the towns and villages taken by Franco in Southern Spain will have a tale to tell of the same sort.

What is more, these shootings began in Africa and in Seville

* "A Preliminary Official Report on the Atrocities." *Eyre and Spottiswood.* 1s. 6d.

on the first day of the rebellion. Generals, colonels, officers who refused to join were at once killed; Government officials, doctors, freemasons—the whole programme of extermination of their political enemies was put into action from the first moment. They had the deliberate intention of making their way by terror. Just as they began the war, so they initiated and set the pace in the bloodthirsty and cowardly methods with which it is being waged. Had they tried to conduct it in accordance with what by other nations are considered decent standards, they would have had few atrocities or shootings of hostages on the Government side to complain of. For even now the Government and the committees which assist it have not been guilty of many savage or inhuman acts; they forbid, for example, the shooting of prisoners. Their trouble is that the people, enraged by the stories which refugees bring them or by air raids in which women and children are killed, cannot be controlled.

On General Franco's side, however, the worst actions seem to be done by order. Only the other day the *Times* correspondent reported that the rebels had dropped pamphlets over Madrid containing this threat: that for every one of their side shot they would shoot ten, and that the 25,000 wounded in the Madrid hospitals would be among them. And not an idle threat either; the first act of Franco's troops on entering Toledo was to go through the hospital throwing hand-grenades at the wounded. The foreign journalists, who entered the city soon afterwards, know this, but their papers cannot publish it for fear of their being expelled from the country before the expected capture of Madrid.

If one wants another peep at life upon the rebel side, there is the evidence in Dean Inge's recent letter to the *Spectator*, in which he gives details of the murder all over Spain of Spanish Protestants—men, women and children—and of some alleged to have been burned alive in a prison, simply and solely because they were Protestants and heretics. This evidence does not come through journalists but from evangelical workers in Spain, who surely cannot be accused of having Communist sympathies. I do not think that after that there is any need for the Spanish Government to publish their promised report on rebel atrocities.

But is there nothing that we in England can do to prevent these butcheries? At this moment the Moors—savage tribesmen most of them, enlisted this autumn and given only a fortnight's training before being shipped to Spain—are fighting their way into the streets of Madrid. Publicity can hardly affect the fanatical spirit of General Franco's party. Protests from our Government may do more, for when this war is over he hopes for a loan. But I think that contributions to the Scottish Red Cross working in Spain can affect most of all. For the doctors and others who are ready to risk their lives in this country may not only hope to cure the sick and the wounded; they have also a good chance of saving them from being killed and mangled, as they lie on their beds, by Franco's followers. I doubt if they would dare to break into in this manner a British Red Cross hospital. This article which began as a review must, therefore, end with an appeal to all humane people to contribute as much as they can to the Scottish Ambulance Unit. GEORGE BEATON

A LONDON DIARY

SPEAKING with the sonorous deliberation proper to a Prime Minister making a great announcement Mr. Baldwin informed the company at the Lord Mayor's Banquet and the far more numerous company of wireless listeners that "the policy of H.M. Government would be guided by the course of events." The phrase should be at least as well remembered as other great Prime Ministerial utterances. It ranks with Mr. MacDonald's "On and On and On and Up and Up and Up" and with Mr. Asquith's equally famous "Wait and See," to which aphorism indeed it bears a superficial resemblance. But notice that while Mr. Asquith was speaking in a most menacing tone to opponents who would see, all too soon for their own comfort, his all too Radical programme, Mr. Baldwin, true to his reputation for democratic honesty, takes us all into his confidence by announcing that it is H.M. Government which will "wait and see."

* * *

It is a recurrent surprise to me how political partisanship wipes out memory. The remark applies to both Left and Right. Take the controversy about the Spanish atrocities. What should we expect to happen? In every Spanish town there are a number of sympathisers with the Government and a number of sympathisers with the rebels. That is to say when a bomb falls on the women and children of any town, there are persons near at hand on whom the anger of the friends of the victims can vent itself. Does anybody suppose that if an English town were in this position, such atrocities would not happen? Let us turn to Bishop Bell's *Life of Archbishop Davidson* if we are in any doubt. The Archbishop got into trouble during the war for rebuking the people who wanted reprisals on German children for the bombing of English towns. The Archbishop explained that he had never protested against retaliating on combatants. What he had protested against was the language of those who said: "Let gutters run with German blood. Let us smash to pulp the German old men, women and children." The Archbishop was alarmed by the proof he soon received of the effect of the war on the moral feelings. "I am, I confess, somewhat appalled," he wrote to Hall Caine, "by the letters which pour in upon me in quite extraordinary numbers breathing blood and slaughter, not against combatants but against the people of Germany if only they can be got at, with a special wish for the destruction of women and children." The more the evidence of the cruelty of the Spaniard, the more wicked surely the conduct of the men who started this civil war. They must have known enough about the state of Spain to realise what a hell they were going to create.

* * *

The newspaper reports of the "court-martial" of a child for an offence on board H.M.S. *Nelson* should reassure Colonel Blimp, who has for some time been worried about the discipline of the sister Service. The Chaplain of the *Nelson* said that the "character of this very small boy had deteriorated after he found his mother was in a mental hospital" and that he had been ragged because he was "seen in chapel a lot and saying his prayers." I do not know what his offence was, but he wept bitterly at the court-martial, and said:

> People have always laughed at me because of my smallness, and at times I find myself not caring what I do. I never get any letters like other boys, and seem to have no one to think of.

With their unerring instinct about the way to cure children of misery and loneliness the Admirals very properly sentenced him to twelve strokes of the birch. This should make a sailor of him—if he doesn't commit suicide first.

* * *

The second volume of Mrs. Dugdale's *Life of Balfour* shows the disadvantages of biographies composed by relatives. An incident in Balfour's career of great importance is passed over in silence. This was his speech, in July, 1906, attacking C. B. for proposing to give South Africa self-government—and denouncing what he called a "dangerous, audacious and reckless experiment." C. B. very properly said of that speech he had never heard a speech more unworthy, provocative and mischievous. How can the omission of this incident in a two-volume biography be defended? What would have been said of Morley if he had left out all reference to Gladstone's famous blunder about the Civil War? Mrs. Dugdale presumably supposes that she is shielding her uncle's memory by her silence. The only effect is to make anybody who knows the history of the time feel that her book is untrustworthy. Moreover, a biographer interprets a career and character by its mistakes as well as by its successes and the failure even to notice this incident shows that Mrs. Dugdale has not attempted to give a serious interpretation. This failure is all the more

striking for when she is describing him as a private person, a friend or a talker, she is conspicuously successful.

* * *

Reviewing Bertrand Russell's *Which Way to Peace?* I suggested that it would be exceptionally interesting to know what rational answers people like Mr. Churchill and Mr. Duff Cooper could make to Bertrand Russell. (I am not including among rational answers a retort that he is a lily-livered pacifist.) I have now received a letter from Aldous Huxley, Rose Macaulay and Dick Sheppard, saying that they have sent a letter to twenty-five distinguished people asking whether they can refute Mr. Russell's arguments for complete pacifism. The people who have received this letter include Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Attlee, the two Archbishops and two ordinary Bishops, Lord Cecil, Sir Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Lloyd, Mr. Garvin and Lord Lothian.

* * *

Gerald Gould has been so long known as a weekly novel reviewer that people are apt to forget that he was interested in politics even more than in literature and in literature far more than in New Novels. He gave up political journalism, not because he cared too little, but because he cared too much. When he was Associate-Editor of the *Daily Herald* he worked about fourteen hours a day, seven days a week, with very little money and a largely untrained and inexperienced staff. Getting the paper out at all was a sort of heroic gamble and a trial of strength—a trial that finally resulted in three breakdowns of health. In the end he was told he would not live six months if he did not resign. After a serious illness he was allowed to do no more than skirmish on the flanks of an attack which he minded passionately about. I get most remarkable accounts of his brilliance and versatility as a young man. One friend, highly placed in the Civil Service, pays him a remarkable tribute when he says that it was Gerald's lectures at a *crammer's school*, where everyone was primarily concerned with getting marks in an examination, that first helped him to appreciate literature. He had a happy knack of political verse too in the Chesterton-Belloc-Bentley vein. Take this from his *Collected Poems*. It is dated 1921 and headed *Black and Tan*. It was reported that "some 'Liberal' members of the Cabinet are 'somewhat critical of recent events in Ireland.'" Gerald commented:

> It may be so. Conscience, if stretched too wide,
> Will feel the tug of Liberal conviction:
> And Judas was not wholly satisfied
> With every detail of the crucifixion.

* * *

Apropos of the Chesterton-Belloc-Bentley school, I have just been reading Chesterton's *Autobiography* (Hutchinson). It will be reviewed at length in these columns next week. It is in my view Chesterton's best book, and it contains incidentally memories of Wells and Henry James and other literary and political celebrities. The Wells and Henry James passage should be compared with the account of the same period in Wells's *Autobiography*. It is full of spice and without a word in it to hurt anyone's feelings. Here is an admirable verse from Clerihew Bentley's unpublished works. A poetic lady asked Bentley to write some verses for inscription on Wordsworth's Seat. They ended with this stanza:

> It is annoying to reflect
> That two such men as we
> By such a trifle as the grave
> Should separated be.
> 'Twas ever thus. We might have had
> A pleasant afternoon,
> But man is always born too late
> Or else he dies too soon.

That is classical foolery. Better still is the retort of Chesterton's friend Phillimore, a "popular and pugnacious professor" who was addressing a rowdy Glasgow crowd. According to G. K. C. the crowd was intelligent enough to grasp "the gratifying irony of his appeal" when he said: "Gentlemen, gentlemen! I have not yet ceased casting my pearls."

CRITIC

THE JOLLY ABSTAINER

THOUGH I have written more than once on the pleasures of abstinence, I never realised till the present week how intoxicating those pleasures can be. I did not realise, for example, that to turn from wine to water was to exchange one heady stimulant for an even headier one. Pindar himself, though he affirmed that water is best, did not claim for it that it set a man carolling like a bird. Having been introduced during the week, however, to a nineteenth-century song-book, called *Hoyle's Hymns and Songs for Temperance Societies and Bands of Hope*, I now see that a man can become as merry a toper at the water-tap as at the beer-tap. This book is crammed with spirited and inspiring drinking-songs. Consider the titles of some of them: "Drinking at the Rill," "A Gay Little Band," "Give me a Draught," "Give me the Drink," "I Drink with Birds," "The Jolly Abstainer," "Merry Dick," "Round the Spring," "Water as it Gushes," and "What Do All the Birds." Even "Sober John" is the song, not of a gloomy ascetic, but of a man who believes that he has discovered a more enjoyable drink than gin:

> Coming home, poor Jack I met the other day.
> We passed a gin-shop where he wished me to stay.
> But I said, "No, never!
> There's a better way.
> I drink bright sparkling water."

That was the beginning of John's discovery. By the time the chorus is reached, "poor Jack" has become a life-addict of water and is merrily singing: "My name's Sober John, I keep marching on," etc.

Presumably, it was Sober John who afterwards posed as the model for the anonymous Jolly Abstainer. The Jolly Abstainer was a thoroughly hilarious fellow, as you may see from the song about him:

> Success to the jolly abstainer.
> A right worthy fellow is he.
> He's setting a nobler example
> By living the life of the free.
> Though drunkards with jesting revile him,
> (*Slow*) While boasting the wine's ruddy light,
> He pities their sin and their blindness,
> (*Quick*) And sings "I will drink water bright.
> Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!
> And sings I will drink water bright,
> Ha, ha!"

I have often protested against the theory that the Puritans are a gloomy race. I would not ask for better evidence on behalf of my opinion than that final "Ha, ha!" of the Jolly Abstainer.

Take Merry Dick, again. Show me any marks of gloom in this grand lover of water and song:

> Merry Dick you soon would know
> If you lived in Jackson's Row;
> Each day with a smiling face,
> He is ready at his place;
> Should you ever with him meet
> In his shop or in the street,
> You will find him blithe and gay,
> Singing out this merry lay:
> My drink is water bright,
> Water bright, water bright.
> My drink is water bright,
> From the crystal spring.

Now I contend on this evidence that Merry Dick became far more hilariously intoxicated on water than an ordinary shop-keeper gets on so-called intoxicating liquor. You do not find an ordinary shop-keeper, even after he has just had half a pint of bitter with his lunch, returning to his shop and howling drinking-songs to his customers. What would you think of your grocer if you went into his shop to buy a pound of digestive biscuits and all you could get out of him was a husky rendering of "Beer, Beer, Glorious Beer"? What would you think of him if you met him in the street and he laid his hand on your shoulder, and sang you "Here's to the good old whiskey, drink it down," ending with a burst of maniacal laughter? You would say the man was drunk. Yet that is more or less how

Merry Dick behaved. And what I consider to be rather unpardonable in the man was that, not content with over-stimulating himself with water, he infected his whole family—"wife, three daughters, and a son"—with the same vice. I gather from the third verse of the song that the family ended by going about roaring drinking-songs at all sorts of times and in all sorts of places. To quote the poet:

In all seasons, cold or hot,
Storm or sunshine matters not
Winter's snow or summer's rain
Sing they all this merry strain:
My drink is water bright, etc.

I came in another part of the book on a song called "Drink from the Well." I confess that, after reading about the effect of water on Merry Dick and his family, I could not help wondering whether it would not be a good thing if Parliament were to pass a Bill ordering all wells to be closed.

As for "Drink from the Well," itself, it will suggest that an excessive consumption of water subtly but surely undermines the character. Was there ever a cruder appeal to self-seeking than we find in the first verse?

Right men are wanted high places to fill,
Men of good manners, wisdom and skill.
Drunkards can never attain to the prize.
We must be abstainers, for we all want to rise.

We all want to rise! A shocking sentiment. Who has ever heard a Bacchanalian poet commending wine on the ground that it helps us to get on in the world? Convinced though I am that water-drinkers are as jolly as wine-drinkers or even jollier, I cannot help thinking that they are more worldly. Has anything ever been written on a lower moral plane than the verse:

Drunkards begin with a small glass or so,
None are secure but abstainers we know;
Health, time and money are talents we prize.
We must be abstainers, for we all want to rise.

The drunkard, too, may want to rise, but not at the expense of his neighbour. His ambition is not worldly: in fact, it is purely domestic; he wants to rise only in order to go home.

The water-poet, indeed, admits as much in the song called "Joe Perkins." When Joe fell, it was not, like the angels or the abstainers, through the sin of ambition. His desire to rise could be defended on moral grounds:

One night at the "Crown and Anchor"
So jolly and strong was he,
And he tried to go, but his legs said "No,
This night you must carried be!"
So he fell flat in the gutter,
Like a general down fell he;
For I do declare he was shouting there,
"Three cheers for the brave and free."

"Like a general," is a rather offensive slur on the Army; but, apart from this, the picture of Joe Perkins makes one think well of human nature. "He tried to go." He was a true home-lover. The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak. And, even as he lay in the gutter, was he not one of those who look—or try to look—at the stars? I like to think of that last noble shout of his about the brave and the free. Lying in the same posture, Merry Dick would have been self-centredly bawling something about his favourite drink being water.

I am sure that when Joe was ultimately released from prison, and became an abstainer, he did not go about singing ignoble songs like "Water pays the best," but that his selfless mind turned rather to pretty nature-songs like "The Merry Birds." How enchanting a picture the song-book gives us of those little teetotallers of the trees:

The merry birds in wood and grove,
They sing a Temp'rance lay,
And water makes the richest flowers,
So beautiful and gay.
(*Chorus*) Then like the birds in wood and grove
And flowers so rich and gay,
I'll drink of water from the spring
And sing a Temp'rance lay.

If ever I sing "a Temp'rance lay," it will certainly be due to the example of the birds. How sweetly they sing on water! None of the great nature-poets ever noticed this, but Mr. Hoyle noticed it. As a result, he expressed something of Nature that Wordsworth never expressed. Wordsworth with all his genius never wrote such a verse as:

Sweet bird, then let us ever
With thee in water find
A dear friend that shall never
My soul in fetters bind.
I'll sign the pledge of temperance,
And every evil flee,
With thee in fond remembrance
My song of joy shall be.

There surely you have the poetry of abstinence at its finest.

Fine, too, is "Bright Water," with its reminder that not only the birds but the heroes of the past must be counted in the ranks of the abstainers. How excellent is the verse about Samson:

Brave Samson was the strongest man
That ever lived in story.
He firmly kept the temperance plan,
And gained renown and glory.
(*Chorus*) Marching with the brave and free,
Marching with the brave and free,
Marching with the brave and free,
In the happy temp'rance army.

Yes, whatever you may say about abstainers, they are a cheerful, high-spirited lot, with songs to stir the heart. As I read Mr. Hoyle's book I found myself wishing that Merry Dick, Joe Perkins and one or two more of these abstainers could have had a night out with the characters in G. K. Chesterton's *Flying Inn*, to see which could sing loudest and longest. What vocal uproar there would have been, the one side singing songs about Samson, and the other songs about Noah! And who do you think would have maintained their high spirits best till the end of the evening? I, for one, am convinced that Merry Dick and Joe Perkins and their friends would have sung the *Flying Inn* men under the table.

Y. Y.

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. W. A. Cook.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

An advance guard of Carlist volunteers has been moved up to Getafe, eight miles south of Madrid, to-day. They will probably take part with the Moors and legionaries in the final attack on the capital, thus giving its capture a truly national character.—Sir Percival Phillips in *Daily Telegraph.*

Coronation coiffeurs.—A large quantity of extra fine clean silvery white combings from an English lady's hair for sale; sample sent.—Advt. in the *Times.*

However, let us get away from war talk—and mention instead that Hollywood has just completed "The Charge of the Light Brigade" in a manner which promises to electrify the film public when they see it.—Collinson Owen in the *Sunday Pictorial.*

She threw herself wholeheartedly into the campaign against venereal disease, encountering great opposition from the clergy.—*New Health.*

Sir Francis Fremantle (C.—St. Albans), referring to the physical condition of the people, said hunger in some cases was a good thing. Considerable trouble was caused to-day by over-eating, bad eating, or by bad choice of food.—Parliamentary Report in the *Times.*

The Army is the only neutral power to-day in Spain.—*Observer.*

Mr. Alexander Korda has by this film shown to the whole world that naturalised Englishmen can direct films better than anybody else.—Viscount Castlerosse in *Sunday Express.*

"Abyssinian Emperor's dog at Blackheath."—*Lewisham Journal.*

Correspondence

AFTER EDINBURGH

SIR,—I hope that the concluding paragraph of Mr. G. D. H. Cole's striking letter in your issue of last week will not be overlooked.

His arithmetic on the subject of Labour's electoral task is unchallengeable; and, as he truly says, it is folly to fail to face facts however unpleasant.

When people dwell, however, very much on the difficulties confronting them they are apt to acquire a frame of mind of a "defeatist" or discouraged type that is not of the right sort to inspire them to work for overcoming their difficulties.

I believe that at the present time there is a deep longing in the hearts of millions of people for a faith that can "Move Mountains." They are waiting for a practical and an inspiring call for that "rally" to "preserve peace and democracy" that Mr. Cole asks for at the end of his letter.

I do not believe a bit that it is impossible to provide that call. Democracy, as Arthur Greenwood told an audience the other day, must not fail to be efficient. It must be competent "to deliver the goods"—and it is on this account that the formulation of a definite and understandable programme for the next Parliament is of such urgent importance.

A courageous, constructive international Peace Policy that people will go crusading for is clearly the first essential. Given this, I believe there are multitudes of people of no special political attachments who will go a long way with us on a Home Programme that the Party would enthusiastically work for.

CHRISTOPER ADDISON

SIR,—There is something almost pathetic in the piling up of letter after letter in your correspondence columns, which discuss the troubles of the Labour Party in terms of arithmetical calculations of bloc votes at Party Conferences or electoral percentages in the constituencies.

Surely the problem is far simpler than that, and we all know in our hearts where the trouble lies.

Labour could easily win the support of the nation if it would but speak its message in words that inspire confidence, avoid invective, challenge meanness with generosity, and call out the finest instincts in the heart of the public. That was the practice of the Labour Party as it cut its way through mountains of prejudice and became the Government in less than twenty-five years from the date of its foundation. No party has ever achieved such a magnificent result in so short a time. Our movement is now angry and unhappy, and therefore unsuccessful.

A certain quality—which for lack of a better word we call spiritual—will always be the prime requisite in the advocacy of opinions which ask a nation to break away from old customs and make new experiments of considerable magnitude. As Keir Hardie and all the pioneers of the Socialist movement knew—it must be the very essence of an appeal for a new and more righteous social order. It is admittedly a hard discipline to accept in a revolt against human misery, but it pays handsomely. It is more than ever necessary at a time when public opinion is apprehensive, troubled by unusual dangers abroad and anxious to protect itself from similar misfortunes.

If the Labour Party would combine a renewed spiritual appeal with far greater clarity and precision as to its immediate constructive proposals, and would be content to rely upon the merits of that programme, it could call out from the nation an overwhelming response, which the electors are anxious to make but now withhold in bewilderment and fear. We should not then need to bother about bloc votes or structural inconveniences in the Party's Constitution.

As to whether during the present transitional period a "Democratic Front" would assist Labour into power, the Socialist Prime Minister of Sweden has sound words of advice to offer:

> To me it is a natural consequence of the democratic and parliamentary principles and tactics which Social Democracy has adopted and struggled for for decades, that we seek for solutions of social problems in co-operation with different groups, classes and parties. This implies no renunciation of our democratic ideals or Socialist ends. On the contrary it is the means of their realisation. . . . It is our task to complete the change in the social order with intelligent adaptation and self-control. Care in avoiding dangerous disturbances in the social machinery is as necessary in the process as daring in exploiting possibilities.

ALLEN OF HURTWOOD

SIR,—Surely the point about a People's Democratic Front is that the Labour Party has no tactical alternative other than to continue in ineffective opposition to the "National" idea. That may be Socialism, but it is not politics. There are immediate advantages in preparing for a People's Democratic Front which should not be ignored. It may well be too late to wait for the next General Election, if there is one, leave alone for the one after that. Preparations here and now would hardly be without a chastening influence upon both the domestic and foreign policy of the present National Government. So much, I think, would at any rate be clear gain.

There remains the next General Election—though only on the assumption, it seems to me, that this Government has in the interval been able to negotiate a Western Pact and thus avoid the virtual conscription of industry in the interest of armaments expansion. But this, of course, is to raise inscrutable issues. So far as the prospects of the Labour Party at another election are concerned, I do not think more than a small proportion of the membership at the present time can really believe in the possibility of a Labour majority. Mr. Cole's analysis leaves very little to be said. Though it is mortifying to have to admit the fact, nothing seems less likely than that a majority of the electorate will be persuaded to vote for Socialism during the next two or three years.

It is useless and dangerous, it seems to me, to describe such an admission as defeatism. Political parties in this country may have contributed to their defeat at a General Election through being pessimistic about the result, but they have never won merely through being confident they would win.

I would suggest that there are more urgent needs for the Labour Party at the present day than to keep its eyes fixed upon the next election in the hope that Labour will then be able to rule. Plainly, however, its leaders must look ahead. Let us suppose, then, that Labour can capture 308 seats or thereabouts at the next election. Neither Dr. Dalton nor Dr. Addison, I imagine, envisages a large commanding majority. They cannot, for instance, be confident that Manchester, Birmingham and Liverpool, not to speak of the southern counties, will vote solidly for Labour in 1939 or 1940. At the most it is the barest majority to which they can look forward. What is a Labour Government going to do with a bare majority? Introduce Socialism?

Do the leaders of the Labour Party still believe that a genuinely Socialist programme can be pushed through with the support of, say, 55 per cent. of the total electorate—or rather of the 80 per cent., let us suppose, of the electorate which goes to the polls? Majority notwithstanding, the thing cannot be done save by dictatorial methods or worse. The passive resistance alone of the other 45 per cent., which would include by far the greater part of the wealth and professional ability of the country, would make fundamental Socialist legislation impracticable. It will not be construed as scaremongering, I hope, if I suggest that a thumping majority, carrying with it a formidable block of middle-class votes, is essential to parliamentary Socialism.

Whatever the chances of a bare Labour majority, the prospect of anything more than that at the next General Election is negligible. A Labour Government in three years from now could only embark upon what Mr. Cole calls "pooled security and a limited programme of social legislation and economic control."

That, however, is the policy of a People's Democratic Front. And it is necessarily the policy favoured by many millions of men and women outside the Labour Party who at present support the "National" idea for want of alternative leadership. Does the Labour Party so desire to remain uncontaminated by contact with non-Socialist opinion that it is prepared to go on being powerless to the last rather than embrace the certainty of being able to accomplish its only practicable ends for the time being through the medium of a Popular Front? It is as a Socialist, I may perhaps say, that I ask the question.

There is no need to minimise the difficulties in the way of a People's Democratic Front, whose formation would no doubt present the Labour Party with a few doubtful or embarrassing allies and also involve a little sacrifice of vested interest within the ranks of trade unionism. But there is no insuperable obstacle. For encouragement there is the knowledge that national sentiment in this country would rally round a People's Democratic Front with larger faith and more determination than this "National" Government commands.

R. D. CHARQUES

21 Upper Park Road,
London, N.W.3.

SELF-DEFENCE AND MR. RUSSELL

SIR,—Bertrand Russell's new book may, I fear, defeat its object by making war more likely. It may even drive more people in despair towards Fascism than it will lead to pacifism. For, though much of its argument is searching and clear, just at the crucial points it becomes superficial and illogical, so that the conclusions are unnecessarily extreme. "Which way to peace?" he asks. "There seems," I answer, "to be a middle way to peace; a way between the present policy of matching bombers against bombers and his complete non-resistance to attack." My proposal is that we should concentrate on home defence, and that the purely defensive nature of our policy should be guaranteed by the nature of our national defence measures, which must reduce our vulnerability to the minimum without menacing other countries.

What, after all, is the problem? It is to find the policy that will make Great Britain least likely either to provoke or to invite attack. Mr. Russell and I are agreed that the present policy is likely in the end to provoke attack; but would not non-resistance invite it? The Irish troubles of July, 1914, are said, as he admits, to have encouraged the Kaiser in thinking the moment a good one for war: if there were in this country now a great movement for refusal to fight and for unilateral disarmament, would it not tend to precipitate war? On this crucial question he writes:

> All such arguments rest upon the naïve assumption that the whole responsibility for a war is on one side only. . . . Whatever weakens one side diminishes its will to war as much as it increases that on the other side; on the balance, therefore, it has no more tendency towards war than towards peace.

That is a sophist's answer, and it is historically untrue. In 1914 international anarchy and the errors of many nations had piled up an imminent danger of war in Europe; into that situation a new factor intruded—the Irish troubles—and may well have helped to increase the will to war on the German side. But if the Germans thought it had also diminished the will to war in Great Britain they were mistaken; for as soon as they invaded Belgium the will to war on our side reappeared undiminished—only too late to stop the disaster. Thus on this crucial point his argument breaks down. Refusal to fight or to strengthen Great Britain's defences would help to make war more likely.

Again, he says that Great Britain should imitate Denmark; I agree. Yet when he tells us that "no one in that country contemplates forcible resistance" to an invader, he goes misleadingly far. Why is there compulsory (short-period) military service in Denmark, if not to resist invasion?

Can we not work together on the following lines?

The surest way to produce war is our present policy of equipping an especially vulnerable country, centre of a coveted Empire, with terribly menacing weapons: to do so is to combine, on a large scale, the three classic inducements to aggression. It follows, first, that if we cannot get collective security, we cannot keep Empire. Secondly, a weak Britain is a danger to peace; but the strength must be a genuine power of self-defence within the limits of the possible, not (as at present) an illusory strength founded on an optimistic fallacy. At present British air policy is based on the assumption that even the strongest Power within striking distance of our shores will not dare to bomb us if it is confronted by an air force equal to its own in numbers and quality. But it is the damage an air-force could do, not its numbers and quality, that is the real deterrent against attack; and owing to our geographical position even if we had an equal force of bombers, we could not come anywhere near doing equivalent damage.

At present we are building *more than twice as many bombers as interceptors*, while the anti-aircraft guns are still of the 1918 type. If this goes on, it will have two consequences. First, every country will be defenceless, yet each will have a chance of decisive victory by getting in first with a knock-out blow from the air—precisely the conditions in which a sudden spontaneous combustion is most likely. Secondly, this particular competition—rearmament mainly with weapons of great offensive power—is bound to go more and more against this country, because this country is far more vulnerable than any near-by Great Power. The Government's present rearmament programme is therefore of the most dangerous type imaginable, and it is urgent for the "peace movement" to get accepted an alternative policy of national defence—the policy *of defence without menace*. This should include:

(*a*) The storage of at least a year's supply of essential foodstuffs in small elevators dispersed about the country;

(*b*) the provision of up-to-date anti-aircraft batteries;

(*c*) those measures of passive defence which do not involve serious regimentation of the general public, such as the duplication and protection of essential services on a scale not yet contemplated;

(*d*) encouragement of research, not on bombers and bombs, but on bomb-proof architecture, "agrobiology," anti-aircraft guns and searchlights, and every other means of reducing vulnerability without threatening other countries.

A balanced policy on these lines would at least prevent the effects of air attack from extending to involve perhaps hundreds of thousands of people in places not directly hit; and would, by reducing the comparative vulnerability of Great Britain to a point where it would not promise a decisive victory to a sudden aggressor, (*a*) render war less likely, (*b*) render war (if it should come) less destructive, and (*c*) perhaps revive the chances of permanent peace, since if Britain's vulnerability is lessened her contribution to collective security could be made reliable.

Finally, on the principle of *defence without menace*, agreement between most sections of opinion is surely possible. For example, conscientious believers in non-violence could without doubt join in pressing for the storage of food and the duplication of the essential services. Why not a popular front to demand the policy of non-menacing home defence? JONATHAN GRIFFIN

THE SCHOOL AND THE O.T.C.

SIR,—Many parents who have refused to take any part in war nevertheless find that the schools to which they send their sons maintain O.T.C.s. They know that though the corps is nominally voluntary, strong pressure is in fact brought to bear upon boys to join it. They hesitate to expose their sons to the obloquy of refusing to join.

Many others, not themselves pacifists, feel that forcing military training upon the immature is open to grave objections. In isolation individuals can do little or nothing to secure that the voluntary case becomes a genuine option.

If they knew that others would act with them they would feel less difficulty about advising their sons to stand out.

Would any parents who care to communicate with me at 96, Regent Street, W.1, and give the name of the school to which they wish to send their son? H. R. L. SHEPPARD

96, Regent Street, W.1.

EPSTEIN AND FASCISM

SIR,—The recent attack on Epstein's "Day," and the painting of a swastika near-by, raises the question whether the Fascists in Great Britain are planning a campaign against art and culture, such as has been carried out in many foreign countries. It is difficult to look on this as a mere act of irresponsible hooliganism, when we remember how Jewish, foreign, and the more experimental artists have been attacked abroad. And where the Fascists have come to power, this has developed into a general attack on all art as such. "When I hear the word culture," says the Nazi poet Hans Johst, "I undo the safety-catch of my revolver."

The dependence of the Fascist system on terror and on bluff compels them to attempt to prevent all freedom of expression even in art. Perhaps we should not be surprised that such of the world's great men as Gropius, Ossietsky, Toscanini and Bruno Walter are either imprisoned, insulted or expelled by the Governments of their own countries.

We, as art and architectural students, cannot but be alarmed when we see Fascist elements in this country attacking progressive art. We feel that all those who are concerned in preserving the freedom of artistic expression should take warning by this incident and should unite to take whatever action they can to prevent the spreading of such an attitude.

31	Students	of the	Slade School
11	"	"	Chelsea Art School
6	"	"	Willesden Art School
4	"	"	Royal College of Art
41	"	"	Architectural Association School of Architecture

POLITICAL PRISONERS IN BRAZIL

SIR,—In your paragraph headed "Lois Carlos Prestes" last week, you say that Arthur Ewert, the German ex-M.P., my brother and his wife who had been held in a Brazilian prison have now been deported to Germany, where they are believed to be in a concentration camp.

It was thanks to the interest taken by world opinion that I was able to obtain news about my sister-in-law's fate. She, actually

has been deported to Germany together with Lois Carlos Prestes' wife, Olga Benario-Prestes, who is of German birth. There is not the slightest trace of reliable news about what became of my brother Arthur. And nobody knows what happened to Olga Benario-Prestes' baby, which was born in a Rio prison in September, 1936.

Elise Ewert, my sister-in-law, and Mrs. Prestes were secretly landed at Hamburg by the German steamer *La Coruna*. From there they were taken to the Gestapo prison in Berlin. Where they are now I do not know. Both women had left Germany years before Hitler came to power. Thus not even under the "New German Law" can any charge be raised against them.

The Brazilian Government has been informed in time that the Governments of the U.S.A., Mexico and France had offered asylum to the two women (as well as to Arthur Ewert himself). If the Brazilian authorities, in spite of this, have sent them to Hitler-Germany, they can possibly have had just one motive: the two women could tell the world about Brazil and Brazilian prisons if they were free.

I possess the official minutes of procedure concerning my brother and his wife in Rio. They had been tortured. The woman was stripped and beaten up in the presence of her husband until she collapsed, covered with blood. Then the same was done to my brother. Mrs. Prestes was similarly treated. Under those conditions she bore a child.

According to hints by the Rio press my brother is to be court-martialled. I have sent letters and telegrams to Senhor Vargas, the Brazilian president, to the Minister of Justice, to the prison authorities. There was no reply. No lawyer dare intervene. I do not know what the charge is. The news in the Fascist press is too grotesque to be relied upon. The *Voelkische Beobachter*, Berlin, said ten months ago that "thousands of incriminating documents and bombs have been found in the flat of that Jew."

My brother was arrested in his flat on December 27th, one month after the revolt had been crushed. Would he have stayed on, moreover with documents and bombs, if he had been connected with the rising? He had arrived in Brazil in March, 1935. He is not a Jew either, by the way. Both he and his wife descend from old East Prussian peasant families.

You say that my brother has been brought to Germany. According to my very deficient information he is still in a Brazilian prison or dead. I am horrified at the choice. MINNA EWERT

181 Maida Vale.

HENRY MOORE

SIR,—I don't know whether Mr. Graham Bell's article on Henry Moore will send his readers to see the exhibition at the Leicester Galleries or keep them away. If they go, they will be glad not to have missed it. Words written about works of art do not take one very far into the heart of things. I hope I shall not give offence if I say that Mr. Graham Bell makes one think how cleverly he writes.

To say that the European tradition in sculpture is "anthropocentric" is a half-truth, like saying that religion is escape. Mr. Graham Bell might have reminded himself, among much else, of the bronze eagle from the Gulf of Corinth, now in the Cretan and Greek Exhibition at Burlington House. Eyes and minds sensitive to Henry Moore's sensibility and gift for generalisation perceive vital significance in his forms of stone. His works command, among those who have the good fortune to be familiar with them, admiration and gratitude. MICHAEL E. SADLER

Old Headington, Oxford.

LIBERTY IN OXFORD

SIR,—Recently peace organisations have taken part in the ceremonies of November 11th on the grounds that it was inappropriate to allow the army and the civil authorities to monopolise the occasion. An attempt was made by students organised in the Oxford University Peace Council to take part in the official procession, and this was banned by the authorities. The Peace Council then asked for permission to lay a wreath on the War Memorial. The conditions imposed by the Oxford proctors on this simple proposal are highly illuminating:

1. The inscription attached to the wreath might not say "from the Oxford University Peace Council"; this smacks of "militant pacifism." Two alternatives were suggested: 1. "from the Peace Committees of various undergraduate organisations," with the proviso that no university club except the S.C.M. should be mentioned by name: 2. "from the Student Christian Movement and certain other undergraduate clubs." It was made clear that no other wording would be permitted.

2. The students who laid the wreath were not to do so until after 12 noon ("until" as one of the proctors put it, "the crowds had dispersed"); only two students should lay the wreath; they were to go to the Cenotaph alone, and were not to tell anyone of their mission; and in order to avoid any appearance of a procession were not to walk, but *to go to the memorial in a taxicab*.

It is noteworthy that until this year students were granted the right of procession, formerly as organised in clubs, recently as individuals. This right has suddenly been withdrawn, and even though no banners are carried and no clubs officially represented, students from now on may not initiate or participate in any procession whatever on Armistice Day.

It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that in Oxford a very rigorous and conscientious campaign is being waged against the most elementary rights of self-expression. The ten million who died "to end war" might well laugh if they knew the grotesque conditions imposed in Oxford to-day on the mildest and most self-effacing of attempts to further that cause.

We would like to feel that in our efforts to retain even a minimum of academic freedom we are supported by progressive and liberal opinion outside the university. We therefore appeal for the support of individuals, local groups, national organisations—student and non-student alike—to send in their personal or collective resolutions of protest to the University Proctors, Old Clarendon Building, Oxford.

JAMES A. BROWN (President, Oxford Union Society).
PATRICK ANDERSON (President, O.U. Conservative Association).
ALAN N. FYFE (Secretary, O.U. Conservative Association).
HONOR BALFOUR (Ex-President, O.U. Liberal Club).
R. H. WALTON (President, Oxford University Liberal Club).
P. F. TWINN (Secretary, Oxford University Liberal Club).
A. W. WOOD (Editor of *Oxford Guardian*).
DENIS WINNARD (Chairman, Oxford University Labour Club).
T. P. TOYNBEE (Secretary, Oxford University Labour Club).
CHARLES SMITH (Ex-Chairman, O.U. Labour Club).
ROY M. PRIDEAUX (Chairman, O.U. Next 5 Years Group).
C. M. CADOGAN (Secretary, O.U. Next 5 Years Group).
BERNARD FLOUD (Ex-Secretary, Oxford Branch British Universities League of Nations Society).
L. WILKES (Ex-Secretary, Oxford University Empire Club).
P. A. TIMBERLAKE (General Secretary, Oxford University League of Nations Society).
E. P. WALLIS-JONES (Ex-President, British Universities League of Nations Societies).
J. B. HARVEY (Ex-Editor of *The Cherwell*).
HERBERT HOWARTH (Secretary, O.U. English Club).
E. RUSSELL BENTLEY (Chairman, O.U. Pacifist Association).
R. I. SAVAGE (Secretary, Oxford University Pacifist Association).

THE BOOK FILM

SIR,—I am very grateful to you for the prominent notice you have given in your current issue to the *Sunday Times* Book Exhibition, but I would draw your particular attention to the correct title of the National Book Council film, which is being shown twice daily—12.30 p.m. and 7 p.m. It is *Chapter and Verse*, an instructional film which may be hired for showing at book exhibitions, public libraries, schools and literary societies. It is a 16 mm. sound film running for 32 minutes.

Sunday Times MAURICE MARSTON,
Book Exhibition Committee. Secretary

[Of the two versions of the book film made by Mr. Paul Rotha, *Cover to Cover*, already reviewed in these columns, is being publicly shown in cinemas, and *Chapter and Verse* is intended to "educational" showing.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

WHAT'S IN THE LIBRARY?

SIR,—Evidently the Libraries of London vary very much with their political complexion. Looking at the Fulham Library Catalogue the other day, I observed that deplorable deficiencies might be listed as follows: there were only two titles of books by Emma Jane Worboise; eight titles of Miss M. E. Braddon; four

of W. E. Norris; and one of Ben Bolt—this latter, however, being a gift. Of subversive tendencies in stock I observe: nineteen titles of George Moore; forty-two titles of D. H. Lawrence; ten titles of Douglas Goldring; twenty-four titles of Aldous Huxley; five titles of Norman Douglas; fifteen titles of Richard Aldington; seven titles of Wyndham Lewis; eleven titles of Max Beerbohm.

I hope your readers will exercise a little activity in Fulham to see that right-mindedness is given a little more adequate representation. There should surely be some antidote to the evidence of a distribution of this kind. OUTIS

Miscellany

ME AND MY UNCLE WILLIAM

I've seldom seen my Uncle William so broody. Someone had sent him a copy of Mr. Hitler's latest Speech. I'm surprised you should read such things Uncle William I said, knowing as you do how they get them wrong. Don't talk foolish Albert he said, this is the authorised version. Well what about it Uncle William I asked. Why Albert he said, thousands heard that oration with the naked ear, millions heard it over the radio, millions more have read it, and yet there are people who can say there's no such thing as Talking Mongoose. I don't follow you Uncle William, I said. Of course you don't Albert he said, because I'm talking Sense, but you'd follow me all right if I was talking Mongoose. You'd follow me to the death Albert. Is Mongoose a language then Uncle William I asked. It is, he said, and it's a language in which what is isn't and what was wasn't and what will be won't be, and black's white and twice two never makes four. What does twice two make in Mongoose then Uncle William, I asked. Twice two makes anything you like Albert, he said. It makes the square root of Pancake Tuesday. Come come Uncle William I said, that's a bit steep. Of course it's steep Albert he said, otherwise why does one rush down it. If you can't feel its truth at once, Albert, it only shows what you are and you'll soon find what's coming to you. I do see it Uncle William I said, I can sort of feel it in my blood. Of course you can Albert he said, and so can I. All the Mongeese that ever moulted are in that oration Albert he said. One Mongoose after another all strung together on a string. Balls and balls and balls of string. But what is this language Uncle William I asked, and why is it called Mongoose. It's called Mongoose Albert, he said, because it's the language of quack. I've known of quacks that could work wonders Uncle William I said. Of course you have Albert he said, and so have I. And it's wonders I'm talking about. In Mongoose you can multiply a pair of jackboots by the blue moon and divide by a gaggle of brownshirts and add a bunghole of dead bogies and take away the number you first thought of, and you get the same answer every time. What answer Uncle William I asked. Heil Hitler he said, and every time you get that answer the populace goes mad with joy. You sound envious Uncle William I said. Not envious Albert he said, only mortified, for I used to think you could move the multitude with Sense and now I see it needs Mongoose. Can anyone learn to talk in Mongoose, Uncle William I asked. Lots talk it Albert he said, as for instance our Ozzy with his Swazzy, but few can orate it. What's a Swazzy Uncle I said. It's a pet name for Swastika he said. And what's that Uncle William I asked. It's a design got from the pattern of Hero's wheel Albert he said that blows out hot air and steam at its nozzles and that makes it whirl round and round and that's called in Mongoose "thinking with your blood." But Uncle William why shouldn't we think with our blood instead of with our brains I asked. Think with whatever part of your anatomy you like Albert he said, except with your bottom. Why not with my bottom Uncle William I asked. Because, he said, someone might begin to think with his boot. YOUNG ALBERT

THE DRESDEN OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN

THE fortnight's season of the Dresden Opera Company at Covent Garden—when they brought not only their singers, orchestra and chorus but also their scenery—has demonstrated many things. In the first place it has pointed once again to London's lack of a national opera house and theatre, which is extremely discreditable to us and truly a matter in which the Government should act. The notion that the field of art should be left empty for mere commercial exploitation is as antiquated and contrary to public interest as the nineteenth-century idea that there should be no regulation of the hours and conditions of labour. The *quality* of the public's recreation is as much a matter of Government concern as the quality of its bodily food and the air it breathes. Secondly, the difference in the results that are obtained by a permanent repertory opera company as compared with those obtainable by a miscellaneous company gathered from all parts of Europe for a short season at Covent Garden in the summer were strikingly shown. In spite of the fact that at Covent Garden in the international season we may procure the greatest stars and assemble them together I think every critic will admit that the Dresdeners' performances of *Der Rosenkavalier* and of *Tristan und Isolde* were superior to anything we commonly hear in our international "Grand" season. And this notwithstanding that we may have heard more remarkable singers in these operas than the Dresden company contains.

Curiously enough, the weakest of the five productions the Dresdeners have given us was their *Don Juan*. This opera suffers seriously from being performed in German, it being hardly possible to get the pace and brilliance in the German language, especially in the recitatives. But also the producers, Strohbach and Gielen, have made the same cardinal blunder which is almost always made with *Don Giovanni*, and indeed was also made by Carl Ebert at Glyndebourne last year, of sacrificing the dramatic development of the opera to scenery, necessitating frequent intervals of waiting. But finally, and perhaps most serious of all, was the inadequate conception of this work by the conductor, Dr. Karl Böhm, who first of all reduced the orchestral playing to the level of an accompaniment to the singers, so that we got something like the effect produced when a travelling virtuoso—a Kreisler, for example—plays a Beethoven sonata for violin *and pianoforte* with a local pianist who is terrified of obtruding on the great man. Not only this, but Dr. Böhm completely failed to procure the necessary rhythmic tension, so that not only could we not hear Mozart's marvellous instrumentation but the performance was lacking in dramatic fire. And this unsatisfactory result was achieved in spite of the fact that the cast was quite a good one and there was little fault to find with the capacities of the individual singers. It is true that the *tessitura* of the part of Donna Anna lies too high for that fine artist Marta Fuchs who, therefore, was less successful than in the part of the Marschallin in *Rosenkavalier*; but the Don Juan of Matthieu Ahlersmeyer, though tame, was not at all a bad performance, while Theo Herrmann's Leporello—in spite of a tendency to clowning, which is a danger for all Leporellos—was in many ways excellent, as was Margarete Teschemacher as Donna Elvira. The Masetto (Arno Schellenberg) and Zerlina (Maria Cebotari) were both good.

It was an excellent idea to give a production of Richard Strauss's *Ariadne auf Naxos* in the revised version which is almost unknown in London, and this production may be ranked with that of *Der Rosenkavalier* as the best the Dresdeners have given us on this occasion. It is an extremely difficult opera to perform adequately; the cast was better than the actual production by Strohbach and Gielen, which was rather commonplace. *Ariadne auf Naxos* is an extremely interesting opera, but more in its intentions than in its achievement. In the original version the opera *Ariadne* was an entertainment to be offered by M. Jourdain to his guests, and it was, therefore, a central core set in Molière's play

Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme. The whole of the Molière scene was scrapped by Hofmannsthal, and in its place a prelude was written in which the characters of the opera seria, *Ariadne*, and what might be called the opera buffa, *Zerbinetta*, are seen preparing for their several performances to be given as an entertainment to his guests by a rich nobleman. The nobleman never appears on the stage, but his major domo comes with a message to the effect that owing to shortage of time both entertainments, the grave and the gay, are to be performed simultaneously. The artists are left to achieve this as best they can, and the prelude closes. Then the curtain rises on *Ariadne auf Naxos*, which is this joint entertainment.

Now this was a brilliant idea of Hofmannsthal's and one that would have appealed enormously, I am sure, to a great genius like Mozart, who of all composers had that peculiar passion (which we may notice in Shakespeare but hardly elsewhere among dramatists) to combine the serious and the comic. We must for ever regret that such a libretto did not come Mozart's way, and all the more when we study what an extremely gifted composer such as Strauss has made of it. Richard Strauss, like Wagner, must be accounted a musician of genius; he may indeed be described, in spite of his Bavarian origin, as a Viennese Wagner; he has the same great gifts of showmanship, of virtuosity and of making tremendous but meaningless effects. The chief differences are that he is sentimental where Wagner was erotic, and that he has a vein of whimsical fancy Wagner did not possess. But in a sense Wagner was more serious and uncompromising and less a man of the world than Strauss is. Now the pretentious philosophic Strauss, the Strauss of *Also sprach Zarathrustra*, is in my opinion musically worthless. The philosophy of this tone-poem is what the American would call mere "boloney." The music of *Also sprach Zarathrustra* seems to me to be completely meaningless, a mere froth of sound signifying nothing. But this "nothingness" is wrapped up in a mastery of technical display which when it is at the service of a real content, such as exists in *Till Eulenspiegel*, is very impressive. Also, in *Der Rosenkavalier* we get the genuine Strauss, whose musical matter is substantially that of Johann Strauss; for in substance *Der Rosenkavalier* is only a glorified operetta, written with far greater display of material means than the composer of *Die Fledermaus* had at his disposal. Waltzes and sentimental tunes wrapped up in the coloured tissue papers and with the ornaments of Christmas crackers—that is *Der Rosenkavalier!* This is said in admiration of it, not in contempt.

Strauss's works are devoid of tragic passion and of poignancy; he gives us only the trappings of woe, and it is because of this lack of higher creative power that he was unable to achieve a unity of the two elements of *Ariadne auf Naxos*. It is a work of superb craftsmanship throughout, but Strauss fails to rise to the height of the matter in the opera seria; his Ariadne is superficial, and the final love scene between Ariadne and Bacchus goes no deeper than the finale of *Der Rosenkavalier*, while the opera buffa of *Zerbinetta* is a piece of plaster ornament of astonishing bravura but still mere *decoration* stuck on to a pseudo-classic façade. A great genius like Mozart would have achieved an organic unity that would have been profoundly impressive, but a lesser genius like Strauss has only been able to produce a series of "effects."

W. J. TURNER

FOUR GOOD SHOWS

IN the ground-floor gallery at Tooth's are thirty recent paintings by Matthew Smith; upstairs there is a small collection of his earlier work. The comparison is interesting. Matthew Smith has been known for some years as a painter and draughtsman of quality and almost exaggerated modesty. It seemed as though he had come to understand his limitations so well that he had fallen a little in love with them; and one was tempted to believe that he would never set himself a problem of which he did not know the solution in advance. The tone of his pictures had become familiar to the verge of monotony; the drawing, always alert and strenuous, rendered almost invariably forms that he had made his own; nudes and flowers were his stock motives. This exhibition bears witness unmistakably to a breath of liberation. The range of experience is wider, and the range of form and colour has expanded to contain it. To walk into Tooth's gallery is a small adventure, and the sense of excitement does not die quickly. Here are portraits and landscapes as well as fruit and flowers and nude studies. Here are dramatic contrasts, and a frank recognition of the awkward fact that, if human beings have a significance different from the significance of apples, perhaps that significance should be expressed. In some of these new pictures the artist has set himself to render the mood of a figure or a landscape, and, by complicating his problem, has sensibly enriched his art.

Had Juan Gris lived—he died untimely in 1927—it is conceivable that his art would have developed in somewhat the same way. A dozen years ago the two men had a certain temperamental similarity. Both were gifted and modest; both were limited and respected their limitations. They had taken and assimilated as much of the contemporary movement as was good for them; and each was beginning to express a personal point of view. Gris—of whose work the Mayor Gallery in Cork Street is showing a well-chosen and representative collection—was certainly one of the best of his generation. To compare him with Picasso is silly, and to pretend, as some have done, that Picasso feared his rivalry absurd. What he owes to his great compatriot is obvious. Had Picasso never painted Gris had never been a cubist; even in his choice of subjects—guitars, violins, harlequins and the rest—he confesses the almost unescapable influence.

But Gris had something of his own to say. He was not inventive, neither was he particularly imaginative; as I have admitted, he was limited. But within his limitations he was admirably thorough and sincere. He was an analyst and a constructor. His pictures are extraordinarily well built; and they are built out of material provided by a rigorous analysis of the subject and not out of those ready-made shapes with which the studios of Paris were encumbered in the palmy days of Cubism. His sincerity draws attention to his limitations. For instance, if his palette seems restrained, not to say restricted, that is because he never used a tone that did not correspond with a genuine discovery. As he did not think and feel in brilliant colours and violent contrasts he did not paint in them. From early days he was a cubist, and a cubist he remained to the end; but it is a mistake to suppose that he was much given to pure abstraction and non-representational art. Pure, or almost pure, abstractions will serve a decorator—a Léger, a Marcoussis, a Miró (good painters all)—well enough: but Gris was not a decorator, he was an expressive artist, and his subject, as theme, always had a certain importance and is always clearly stated. Indeed, in that remarkable portrait (No. 27), painted near the end of his life, and perhaps the most interesting thing in this exhibition, he seems to be using his native skill and painfully acquired science to attack a new sort of problem—the problem implicit in the subject. It was this picture which made me wonder whether he might not have developed rather as Matthew Smith has developed.

The Redfern Gallery in its new quarters, next door to the Mayor Gallery, presents a new artist of considerable promise. Rowland Suddaby is quite young: I believe, to be exact, he is twenty-three. This is important. Were he older, the frankly imitative element in his art might be considered alarming; but at twenty-three a serious artist is bound to be influenced by someone—after all the most original of us were taught to read and write—and a serious young English artist could hardly choose a better teacher than Duncan Grant. Not that he is a pupil; in fact I am assured that the two have never met. Be that as it may—and this is what matters—beneath the superficial similarity an attentive amateur will easily discern a temperament which is not Grant but Suddaby

Only when it comes to the ticklish business—ticklish at any rate for a very young man—of putting paint to canvas does he profit by his studies: his manner of feeling is his own. And it is his manner of feeling that makes this exhibition a pleasure in itself and a promise of something better. Suddaby's landscapes have often the charming quality of being portraits of particular places. They are not intellectual and technical exercises on a theme provided by nature; the artist has been thrilled by something he has seen and the purpose of the picture is to express the moment of delight. Like a portraitist caught by a smile or a frown or an oddly personal gesture, he has been surprised by the look of a street-corner or a house beside a canal. He has felt something which by hook or by crook and maybe with the help of Duncan Grant must get itself said. He must paint or burst. That is why his exhibition is a pleasure and something more than a pleasure.

I am not sure that Bonnard is the best painter alive, though I think he is. There can be little doubt that he is the most charming. Here at the Adams Gallery (2 Pall Mall Place, just opposite Christie's) are some thirty of his early works, mostly painted before 1908 when Juan Gris and Matthew Smith were still at school. Painting could hardly be easier or more subtle. You could poke your nose for half an hour into the smallest of these pictures (into No. 10, say, painted as long ago as 1896) without coming to the end of its delicious surprises—magically placed touches of paint, harmonies of unimaginable delicacy, wit and psychological subtlety gradually emerging from what at first appeared to be no more than a tangle of lovely smears. If psychology is what you like you can have it. Look well at that picture of a girl putting on her hat before the mirror and you will understand why at one time Bonnard and Vuillard were called, stupidly enough, "Intimists." And has anyone ever understood better the fun of a particular dog or the charm of a particular cat, or expressed that understanding more attractively? Bonnard is able to remind us of Colette at her very best and yet remain the purest of painters. For there is nothing literary about his art; all that he notes or suggests came through the eyes and to the eye appeals. And so he takes his place without the slightest fuss with Renoir and Fragonard and Chardin and Watteau in the French tradition. He loves the good things of life: girls and flowers, bread and fruit and wine, silk and fur, plates and tables and napkins in the sun, he loves them passionately. And because he is a born artist passion turns naturally to beauty. That is what he is, a born painter; and, by comparison, I know not what living artist, unless it be Vuillard, does not appear a little laborious, a little over-anxious.

CLIVE BELL

CAMBRIDGE AND JARROW

What do you see Young Men what do you see
Denied your visions, eagles in your eyes?

In academic avenues,
Elm chestnut lime,
Grotesque and aged men peruse
The fallen leaf of Time,
Beside a classic stream
Dreaming a gothic dream.

The sulphur wreath uncurls in the retort
Five muttering planes in wingéd augury
Scatter the doves about the chapel court
The football rolls unheeded past the post
As shabby Hunger marches shuffling by.

Cry Trojans cry practise your eyes with tears
Until the stars fall down and break their spears:
Trouble deaf statesmen with your bootless cries
War, Waste and Will no reckoning make of cost:
Cry from the playing field, The game is lost
Cry from the lecture room, The dead told lies.

GEORGE RYLANDS

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"French Without Tears," at the Criterion

This delightful and refreshing play makes no pretentions to seriousness, but is so well observed in the summing-up of its different characters, that there is in point of fact, a serious commentary on human life beneath the froth of its outward appearance. Mr. Rattigan writes easily, has a charming sense of both humour and emotion, and gives his cast effective acting parts. Admirably cast and produced with a light touch by Mr. Harold French, it gives a perfect evening's entertainment without straining the intellect. Both Miss Kay Hammond and Mr. Rex Harrison give first-rate performances, Miss Hammond in a Hammond part, Mr. Harrison with a good deal more dry humour than some of his parts have shown recently. A particularly good piece of acting from Mr. Roland Culver as a naval commander—Mr. Rattigan is to be highly commended for his vocabulary—and one of great distinction by Mr. Robert Hemyng, as the heartbreaker, round off the best of the cast. Miss Jessica Tandy, attractive as ever, was not quite at her best as the French daughter of the cramming establishment, while the French of the Crammer himself was not up to standard. Not the least merit of this play is that where it well might fail, in the last act, it keeps up its high level and the final and unexpected denouement is extremely amusing, though it would be more effective, if the last two lines were cut.

"Rembrandt," at the Leicester Square Theatre

The glorious name of Rembrandt is a household word; the "world's greatest artist" has a reputation, even if it is only for bituminous sublimity, far more spread even than the "world's greatest" cricketer, jockey or what you will. And what does the world expect of its greatest artist? Not paintings, not etchings, not even miraculous drawings. No. It expects him to be at one moment rich, surrounded by silks, antiques, luxuries that suddenly become a howling mob of creditors. It expects to find him a gay fellow, a spendthrift, something of a drunk, something of a philosopher, and a great man for the ladies. All these things we know of Rembrandt. And if we add that such an artist should have a twist towards pompous speechifying, and that Rembrandt might just as well have been pompous as not, it is quite clear that, had he never painted at all, he is still, for film purposes, the perfect great artist. Mr. Laughton makes his first appearance as the gay dog Rembrandt, the most popular man in Amsterdam—his last as the old almost doddering painter, dabbing away on the fiftieth self portrait Mr. Laughton fills out the sagged fabric of his part—hardly any other actor could—with something very like inspiration. Like Rembrandt's painting, his performance improves with the passage of time. The insufferable arrogance of the early scenes changes somehow to a very genial and moving maturity. Miss Elsa Lanchester did Hendrijke Stoffels well, though a little archly. Mr. Sam Livesey was a magnificent beggar in the robes of King Saul. Miss Gertrude Lawrence was as out of place in seventeenth-century Amsterdam as you would expect. The settings are well designed but overworked. The tragedy of such pasteboard is that it can be photographed only from one angle. *Kermesse Heroique* (which is about Holland a little earlier) leaves one with an impression of a whole fantastic town. Rembrandt's Amsterdam is only a cardboard Square. And this is typical of the film as a whole. It was a fine conception, in most of the details well carried out. But, viewed as a whole, it is woefully thin and straggling.

"Fredlös," at the Academy

The hero of this story prides himself on being the fastest sleigh-driver in Finland. Unluckily the Director of the film does not share his enthusiasm for speed, and he takes an hour and a half over a job which could have been neatly executed in an hour. But *Fredlös* has merits which the streamlined supercharged Hollywood films never attain. Above all, it has what is clumsily called "sincerity." The plot is melodramatic—wicked Russian Governor makes pass at noble Finn's lovely Lapp wife—but the director and actors are concentrated upon the story, and you do not get the usual feeling that every five minutes some box-office expert has rushed on to the set shouting, "They'll never catch on to that in Dayton or Peoria." Nor do you feel that each actor is trying to "steal" every scene. In fact the acting is so unostentatiously convincing that you accept the story almost without noticing that it is a melodrama. The setting is novel and beautiful—snow-laden forests, herds of reindeer on the Lapland plains, rustic weddings, wooden churches, furs, embroideries and the

Spring deliverance of earth and water from snow and ice. The Lapp heroine, with her *Dieu Bleu* eyebrows, is exquisite, and there is a Lappman, appearing only in three or four shots, who is extraordinarily beautiful. Altogether a film to see, and *Mickey Through the Looking Glass*, which precedes it, is the best surrealist work we have ever been shown.

"The Gay Desperado," at the London Pavilion

The gifted Mr. Rouben Mamoulian has made this film for Miss Pickford and Mr. Lasky with the obvious intention of striking a gay, Lubitsch note, and keeping it gay. Perhaps because that intention is obvious his film succeeds at any rate in being a jolly film. And jollity is enough in this instance, the acting throughout being better than the script: indeed musical films that are truly witty as well as musical may be looked upon as refinements that to some extent defeat their own box-office ends: Lubitsch and Clair aren't quite as popular as Cantor and Moore. Anyhow, all four of them are good, and we can place this Mamoulian picture right up at the top of the nearly first class in its melodious-movie kind. Mexican music would give any such picture a good start; but here the singing of Nino Martini is pleasing and plentiful, and the guitar-playing of the Trovadores Chinacos could only be bettered if there were more of it. We should, presumably, have had more of them, and slightly less of the charming, operatic, Italianate hero, if Mamoulian had had things entirely his own way; in fact it is probable that the film would not then have been just a pretty good joke, but a fine and exciting comment on Mexico. But that is pure guesswork—based, as it happens, on moonlight: Mexican moonlight haunting white-washed walls, a church, a road, cactus and clouds; and also on another Eastern European's superb and superbly comic portrait of the Mexican Indian. Mischa Auer appears in a part which, for him, is an easy one; but we don't know who else could have played it, and he certainly succeeded in being more *americano* than any of the *yanquis*, other *gringos*, or greasers who appeared in the picture. The engaging Leo Carrillo was content to give the joke of the film—Mexican outlaws innocently aping the slang and methods of U.S. gangsters—a good run for our money; he did it gracefully and well. Harold Huber, as his aide-de-camp, over-acted slightly; and Ida Lupino was miscast. She usually is.

"Nocturne," at Sadler's Wells

Paris, which is one of Delius's best works, has afforded the music, and indeed the *raison d'être*, of this ballet on a theme suggested by Mr. Sackville West. There is only the phantom of a plot—a young man loved by two girls, one rich, one poor. The significance lies in the atmosphere, and here the collaboration between Mr. Frederick Ashton, the choreographer, and Miss Sophie Fedorovitch, the designer of the decor, has been prodigiously successful in finding a visual equivalent to the music. With faintly blurred edges, as in a hallucination, girls in ball-frocks of different reds, hurry or hesitate like clouds in the panorama of a sunset. A band of maskers intrude occasionally their sardonic commentary, and a climax is delicately achieved when the unhappy poor girl attracts the craning curious heads of all the revellers towards her unhappiness. The costumes (which are most beautiful) suggest the Paris of the Boer War, but the whole effect is Baudelairian.

> Pendant que des mortels la multitude vile,
> Sous le fouet du Plaisir, ce bourreau sans merci,
> Va cueillir des remords dans la fête servile,
> Ma Douleur, donne-moi la main; viens par ici,
> Loin d'eux. Vois se pencher les défuntes Années,
> Sur les balcons du ciel, en robes surannées. . .

And the Spectator who begins and ends the ballet, leaning like a great bat over a balustrade, seems to be Baudelaire himself. Miss Margot Fonteyn danced most movingly, Miss June Brae and Mr. Robert Helpmann were excellent. Mr. Constant Lambert did wonders with a comparatively small orchestra, which flooded the theatre most exactly and nobly. Altogether, a most felicitous and poetic ballet.

Cecil Beaton, at the Redfern Gallery

Mr. Beaton is showing a collection of his designs for ballet costumes and scenery, which show a remarkable talent for the theatre. He has wisely cocked an eye at a good deal that is going on in the world, but the world of his imagination remains personal. He is haunted by images of a world which he cannot remember, except perhaps from his perambulator, a world which is just beginning to acquire picturesqueness—where the ospreys, parasols, boas and Parma violets of bejewelled aunts are confused with the preposterous clothes of pantomime transformation-scenes and Mme. Rasimi's Revues. Framed in brilliant plush, his designs are as bright as Miss Sitwell's poems, but some of the best are the quiet sketches on show in a portfolio. The original designs for *Pavillon* are much more interesting than those which were used.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, November 13th—
- London Group Exhibition, New Burlington Galleries.
- Holborn Mass Meeting to discuss the Hunger Marchers' Case. Speeches by D. N. Pritt, William Mellor, and others, Working Men's Club, 127, Clerkenwell Road, 8.15.

SATURDAY, November 14th—
- Robert Mayer Concert for Children, Central Hall, Westminster, 11.

SUNDAY, November 15th—
- Prof. B. Malinowski on "The Ethics of Modern Warfare in the Light of Evolution," Conway Hall, 11.

MONDAY, November 16th—
- Child Psychology. Elizabeth Sloan Chesser on "The Making of a Happy Human Being," Carnegie House, 117, Piccadilly, 3.15.
- Prof. José Castillejo on "Education and Revolution in Modern Spain," Institute of Education, Southampton Row, 5.30.
- Institute of Psycho-Analysis. Miss Barbara Low on "Incapacity for Work," Caxton Hall, 8.30.

TUESDAY, November 17th—
- Gerald Heard on "The Case *Against* Collective Security," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- British Institute of Philosophy. Sir Herbert Samuel on "Wars of Ideas," University College, Gower Street, 8.15. (Cards of admission obtainable from 14, Gordon Square.)

WEDNESDAY, November 18th—
- Women's Freedom League. Mrs. How Martyn on "A Feminist Looks at the World," 25, Wimpole Street, 8.

THURSDAY, November 19th—
- National Institute of Industrial Psychology Public Luncheon. Sir James Jeans on "Knowledge *versus* Intelligence," Princes Restaurant, Piccadilly. (Tickets, 5s. from Secretary N.I.I.P.)
- Dr. J. R. Rees on "Mental Health," Morley College, 7.30.
- Prof. P. M. S. Blackett on "The Next War? Can It Be Avoided?" Friends Hall, Euston Road, 8.30.

SATURDAY, November 20th—
- Verrier Elwin and Sir Francis Younghusband on "A Franciscan Settlement in Aboriginal India," Friends House, Euston Road, 8.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE plot of King Lear has been criticised with equal justice and stupidity by everyone. How can one sympathise with Lear, who divides his kingdom so as to evade the responsibilities while retaining the privileges of a king? The fact that he kept a riotous and drunken bodyguard of fifty knights shows he was not in earnest; his tragedy is merely that he was play-acting and then that he was taken at his word. One has only to read the secret correspondence of Regan and Goneril, given us by Mr. Maurice Baring, to sympathise most fully with their practical common-sense point of view. If only Shakespeare could have cast away the Lear of legend, how much more poignant and plausible he could have made the tragedy! He should have turned the plot inside out: Lear determined to escape being a king, abdicating but held a royal prisoner by his loving family, and at long last escaping from them all to the freedom of the storm upon the heath. That is the tragedy of Tolstoy which is now for the first time fully disclosed to us by the piety and love of truth of his son Sergey. The detailed account given in *The Final Struggle*, Countess Tolstoy's Diary for 1910 with extracts from Leo Tolstoy's Diary for the same period, edited by S. L. Tolstoy and translated by Aylmer Maude (Allen and Unwin, 12*s.* 6*d.*), is the most moving and tragic book that I have read for very many years.

* * *

When Tolstoy married Sofya Behrs, a girl without a dowry, he was not a rich man. By working hard, managing his estates well and making large sums from his books, he was able to maintain his wife and ten children in considerable comfort. The countess was passionately devoted to him and to his interests; she was a woman of great energy for whom the milestones of happiness in life had to be marked by a series of material successes. When Tolstoy formed the belief that it was wicked to be rich, their relationship was inevitably shattered. He would not continue to be a landowner, but since it was wicked to make his family suffer for his beliefs, he made over his estate, and the copyrights of his books, to his wife and children and continued to live with them. The working of this compromise, inherently painful for both sides, has already been told in considerable detail. The difficulties which were apt to occur can be illustrated by the Countess's engagement of a Tcherkess mountaineer to prevent the peasants stealing wood out of the forest and Tolstoy's distress on finding the man was terrifying the village children and beating some of his particular friends. So long however as there was goodwill and mutual affection such troubles could be smoothed over. The real difficulty arose from the fact that while the Countess could not share Tolstoy's views, other persons, and in particular Chertkov, did. A state of affairs in which others shared with her husband something from which she was excluded, infuriated her, and she resolutely refused to admit for one moment what was obviously inevitable to everybody else. If Chertkov had been an exceptionally gentle, charming and unaggressive character, there would have been fewer occasions for provoking her jealousy, but unfortunately Chertkov was a man whom it was easy to dislike. He had been exiled for several years for sharing Tolstoy's views and after he had returned to Russia, had not been allowed to live in Tula province, so as to keep him at a distance from Tolstoy. In 1910, however, the Russian Government removed this restriction, Chertkov settled near Yasnaya Polyana and the stage was set for the final tragedy.

* * *

The only result of a reasonable discussion of jealousy must be the abandonment of the claim to the exclusive possession of the beloved object. This is instinctively felt by jealous people who are aware that the passion which torments them is degrading and unreasonable and that the one hope of enforcing their wills is by terrorism, by violence and by acts of madness. The only relief from the torment of jealousy is voluntarily to go mad. The Countess therefore almost immediately began to make scenes threatening suicide, to brandish an uncorked bottle of opium, to fire a toy pistol, and to rush out and roll on the damp grass at midnight. The diary in which she records this campaign of terrorism is naturally of extreme psychological interest. She was throughout desperately aware that the sympathy of others was with Tolstoy and that she would be regarded by posterity "as a Xantippe." Many passages in the diary of this old lady of sixty-six have been omitted on account of the obscene epithets which she showered upon Chertkov and her husband, whose discussions of the spreading of Tolstoy's views seemed in her eyes to be "senile eroticism." Chertkov was fifty-six and Tolstoy was eighty-two, but to justify herself, in her own eyes, and in those of other people, she continually accused them of a homosexual relationship. She also poured out the same story to stray visitors, finding sufficient proof for the accusation in the fact that Chertkov had taken photographs of Tolstoy.

> Yesterday I looked at fifty-seven photographs that Tanya has of Leo Nikolaevich taken by Chertkov and to-day, waking up after an oppressive nightmare, I saw clearly that my suspicions . . . are quite well-founded. When a man wants to hide something he devises a screen. Their screen is "spiritual intercourse." But where is *spirituality* in contorting oneself *physically* into different poses, now laughing, now serious, and a hundred other expressions, for Mr. Chertkov to amuse himself by taking photographs, and making a collection of them?

* * *

It was more normal that she should suffer because Tolstoy was keeping a diary in which her behaviour was being recorded.

> How miserable I am! I want to read Leo Nikolaevich's diary. But now everything is locked up or handed over to Chertkov. All our life long we have never concealed anything from one another before. We read *all* one another's letters, *all* the diaries, and I read everything Leo Nikolaevich wrote. No one can understand what I endure.

Besides the diary that Tolstoy was writing, there were diaries he had lent or given to Chertkov, and though the Countess knew she would not be allowed to read them, she suffered agonies from the fact that they had got into Chertkov's hands. When Tolstoy died they would be lost to the estate and she would not have an opportunity of expurgating them. She therefore succeeded eventually in forcing Tolstoy to get them back and lodge them in the bank at Tula. She suspected also the existence of a secret will which Tolstoy had actually made to ensure that his wishes about his literary property should be respected, and this provided occasions for outbursts of frenzy. Tolstoy bore everything with almost superhuman patience and saintliness and gave up seeing Chertkov so as to try and calm her. But the madness grew and grew. As Tolstoy wrote:

> Continually harder and harder with Sofya Andreevna. Not love but a demand for love that resembles hate and changes into hate. Yes, such egotism is insanity. What saved her before was having children. It was animal love but self-sacrificing. When that was past there remained only terrible egotism.

The most moving and the most psychologically revealing scene of all came after Tolstoy had noted: "*To-day I felt a strong desire to write fiction but realised the impossibility of concentrating on it with this struggle within me and this persistent feeling about her.*" Next day, after a ride in the cold, he became unconscious and had an attack of convulsions, after which he began trying to write, deliriously, on the sheet of the bed. "It must be read!" he exclaimed and then repeated: "Reasonableness . . . reasonableness . . reasonableness." While this was going on the Countess fetched the icon which Tolstoy had carried through the Crimean War and tied it to the bed, and immediately afterwards managed to steal a portfolio of his papers, which she was carrying off when it was rescued by her daughter. In the last few weeks, Tolstoy felt himself growing weaker in face of this agonising persecution; he was frightened of losing his memory and falling completely into her power and one night, waking up to find the Countess hunting through his papers, he decided suddenly that

he must escape while he could. In the pitch dark they harnessed the horses and drove off . . . "*it seems to me that I have saved myself—not Leo Nikolaevich but something of which there is sometimes a spark in me.*" he wrote. But it was not for long. The train journey was too much for him and a few days later the Countess joined the crowd which was encamped round the station-master's house where Tolstoy lay dying. She was not allowed to see him, but begged to be allowed to enter so that the cinematograph men could photograph her going in and coming out. "*You are keeping him from me but at least let people think that I have been with him.*" Such pettiness of feeling is, alas, no protection against the greatest unhappiness. It should indeed be an extra claim on our pity.

DAVID GARNETT

MATHEMATICS AS HISTORY

Mathematics for the Million. By LANCELOT HOGBEN. *Allen and Unwin.* 12s. 6d.

At school we were taught sharply defined subjects—Mathematics, Chemistry, History, Latin or French. In content, in classroom and in teacher, these appeared distinct. If linked up at all it was externally—Mathematics *applied* to Chemistry or Physics, Latin *applied* to French or English roots. Later, scientific grown-ups find themselves compelled to learn or to improve their French, German, Italian, Russian, and Social History to read their specialist publications. Students of History, on the other hand, are rarely inclined to learn sufficient Chemical Technology or Thermodynamics or Electrotechnics to appreciate the inner development of the Industrial Revolution, nor students of Philology, Mathematics, to perceive the possibilities of symbolism in the investigation of their subject. All of which is symptomatic of the forward cultural drive of science, of the dangerous ignorance that specialism may leave in its wake, and of a tradition that a liberal education concerns itself with the arts and not with the sciences. Because science and technology are among the prime movers of society that tradition must die.

For the contact of science with history is not an external affair. Separation is in a sense artificial and has emerged out of a necessary specialisation. In fields like Mathematics and Physics this engenders not only a new priestcraft but, within the field itself, a perpetual urge to discover a complete self-contained logical presentation of the ideas, a set of highly purified Euclidean propositions. To an increasing number of its devotees it is the internal logic that is of first importance, and what does not directly conduce to this end is stigmatised as trivial; hence the widespread belief among specialists that science and mathematics are simply independent logically connected sets of ideas.

An elementary appeal to social history explodes this as a dangerous fiction. Until well into the eighteenth century there was hardly a mathematical idea of any importance that was not born directly from the social activities of man. The Marxian "Unity of Theory and Practice," a well-recognised truth in scientific methodology that has been denied on various occasions in these columns by non-scientific reviewers, operates side by side with a continual striving by theorists to organise this growing knowledge on a secure logical foundation, with the minimum number of postulates. The quest to find a non-self-contradictory scheme is doomed to failure, for history shows that mathematics is in reality one of the tools that men invent to expose natural law and to turn such law towards a control of nature. It is its perpetual insufficiency for this purpose that directs its perpetual advance. It is the discovery of inadequacy in our knowledge and understanding that constitutes one of the driving factors for change and is itself part of the process of change. There can be no finality in mathematical logic because there can be no finality in discovery in a changing nature. Like every other tool, moreover, it is socially evolved and must be collectively owned. It must not be used to bolster up a new mysticism.

What does this imply for the scientist who is beset by a social conscience? It implies that one of his first duties is to accentuate the unity of mathematics with the rest of science, and from that to pass to the integration of science with other aspects of social life. He must balance the concentration of his colleagues on the internal logic of their work against the corresponding logic of social history. In doing so he must rescue mathematics from becoming one of the high mysteries of life, to transform it into the commonplace it must be, in a civilisation in which number and measurement play

WHO

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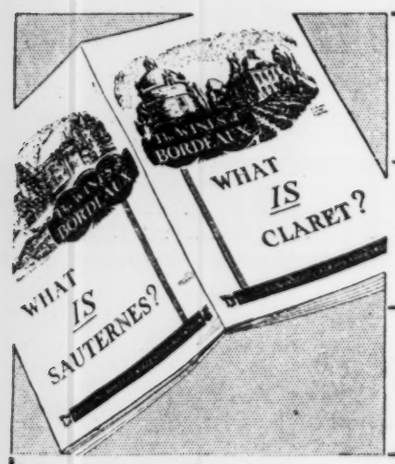
such a predominating rôle. To achieve this would be equivalent to displacing the wisecracks of kings and queens in the old text-books of history by the activities of simple peasants, workmen, and merchants, and to expose the fact that whether they are aware of it or not the true makers of history have been those who have revolutionised the tools of men. To explain these basic facts and to extract an exposition of mathematics from social history is the task that Professor Hogben has set himself in these 650 pages.

The consequence is that in writing this book he has begun revolutionising the teaching of mathematics. With a simple gesture, he has torn the dry-as-dust text-book to shreds, and re-created its content into the reality it should be, a living part of social history. Stripping it from its logical refinements he has traced the story of man's efforts to talk *size* in his struggle with nature, from zero to the calculus, and in doing so, has cut the cackle of the priests of science with their chatter that the Universe is more mysterious than man can imagine, and that its Creator is a pure mathematical architect. To its rightful owner, the simple member of society, he has handed back the theory of his practice. He has documented, what some of us have asserted for years in the face of entrenched specialism—that science is a social venture, and that a science must be developed for treating its social effects. He has written at once a novel text-book of history and a novel text-book of mathematics.

In many ways, Professor Hogben is the *enfant terrible* of the academic world. Trained as an experimentalist, occupying a chair in Social Biology in the University of London, he writes a book on mathematics that must be the envy of every teacher. From the angle of those professional mathematicians who immolate themselves on the altar of logical rigour, there will be much to criticise and condemn in this work. That is nothing. The book is not written for mathematicians except in so far as a knowledge of the social history of their subject may correct myopia and astigmatism in their search for the Absolute.

To the ordinary mortal the book will be a revelation of what he ought to have carried away with him from school, unless indeed, like the literary critic, he attempts to read it with his feet on the mantle-shelf. Books on mathematics, whatever their angle, are always a mental discipline, and to be understood, must be read with bowed head. At times the author sacrifices accuracy and precision for the sake of a gibe or a bon mot. That matters little; it is Hogben. Here and there he does less than justice to some as when he foists on poor Hegel a view of thesis-anti-thesis-synthesis he never professed. That again matters little, for Hegel happens to be one of Hogben's *bêtes noires*. What matters indeed is that there should be someone alive who can produce a work like this, and facing the wrath of stiff-collared mathematical respectability can call in the assistance of an unconventional artist like Frank Horrabin to illustrate it; for he has brought to actuality a book which those of us with a social conscience have always dreamt of writing. Let us hope that a million people can be induced to read some of it at any rate. H. LEVY



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AUDEN, THEN AND NOW

Look, Stranger! Poems by W. H. Auden. *Faber.* 5s.

A familiar passage of *The Waste Land* begins:

The river's tent is broken: the last fingers of leaf
Clutch and sink into the wet bank. The wind
Crosses the brown land, unheard. The nymphs are departed.
Sweet Thames run softly till I end my song.
The river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers,
Silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends,
Or other testimony of summer nights. The nymphs are departed
And their friends, the loitering heirs of city directors;
Departed, have left no addresses.

Compare this with Auden's:

May with its light behaving
Stirs vessel, eye and limb;
The singular and sad
Are willing to recover,
And to the swan-delighting river,
The careless picnics come,
The living white and red.

Let us set aside the obvious contrasts, typical of each poet, remembering that one has come out of the other: winter and an elegiac tone in the first, summer and the lyric in the second; there remain important differences. Nowhere in Mr. Eliot's poetry, for example, should we find such a thing as a "careless" picnic—the squalor would be ruthlessly reinforced with a picture of earlier delights, and (as here) a line of old verse. Mr. Eliot's "nymphs" have in time become "the *living* white and red." Changes in poetry consist largely in reconciliations, and what might have seemed, fifteen years ago, impossibly tactless, we now take for granted. It is no longer necessary to keep the romantic foil—nymphs against sandwich boxes, Cleopatra's barge against the Thames tugs; poets are now (thanks largely to Mr. Auden) free to adopt the second. That particular "but" has been dropped. An important result of this step would seem to be that the poet of *malaise*—Mr. Auden is at least as uneasy as Mr. Eliot—has returned to more direct forms of poetry: straight satire and the lyric. But to satire which is not aimed at the usual bull's-eyes, and lyrics with detail that is not necessarily "lyrical."

Mr. Auden's personal advance since 1930, the date of his previous volume of poems, has been remarkable. The influences have been completely resolved. Hopkins:

Bones wrenched, weak whimper, lids wrinkled, first dazzle known,
World-wonder hardened as bigness, years, brought knowledge, you;
Presence a rich mould argued for roots urged—but gone,
The soul is tetanous. . . . (1930).

Easily, my dear, you move, easily your head,
And easily as through the leaves of a photograph album I'm led
Through the night's delights and the day's impressions,
Past the tall tenements and the trees in the wood;
Through sombre the sixteen skies of Europe,
And the Danube flood. (1936).

Whitman and Kipling (?):

Get those if you can and see the land you once were proud to own,
Though the roads have almost vanished and the expresses never run:
Smokeless chimneys, damaged bridges, rotting wharves and choked canals,
Tramlines buckled, smashed trucks lying on their side across the rails;
Power stations, locked, deserted, etc. (1930).

For now that dream which has so long contented our will,
I mean, of uniting the dead into a splendid empire,
Under whose fertilising flood the Lancashire moss

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HUTCHINSON

Sprouted up chimneys, and Glamorgan hid a life
Grim as a tidal rock-pool's in its glove-shaped valleys,
Is already retreating into her maternal shadow;
Leaving the furnaces gasping in the impossible air. . . . (1936).

Metaphysicals:

Love by ambition,
Of definition,
Suffers partition,
And cannot go
From yes to no
For no is not love, no is no,
The shutting of a door,
The tightening jaw. (1930).

Let him not cease to praise
Then his spacious days;
Yes, and the success
Let him bless, let him bless:
Let him see in this
The profits larger
And the sins venal,
Lest he see as it is
The loss as major
And final, final. (1936).

(Here, I feel, Auden only partially succeeds; the step from the first to the second of these passages is, none the less, considerable.) And last, to complete the parallel, two Characters, a form at which he excels:

Watch any day his nonchalant pauses, see
His dextrous handling of a wrap as he
Steps after into cars, the beggar's envy.
"There is a free one," many say, but err.
He is not that returning conqueror,
Nor ever the poles' circumnavigator.
But poised between shocking falls on razor-edge
Has taught himself this balancing subterfuge
Of the accosting profile, the erect carriage. (1930).

A shilling life will give you all the facts:
How Father beat him, how he ran away,
What were the struggles of his youth, what acts
Made him the greatest figure of his day:
Of how he fought, fished, hunted, worked all night,
Though giddy, climbed new mountains; named a sea;
Some of the last researchers even write
Love made him weep his pints like you and me.

With all his honours on, he sighed for one
Who, say astonished critics, lived at home:
Did little jobs about the house with skill
And nothing else; could whistle; would sit still
Or potter round the garden; answered some
Of his long marvellous letters and kept none. (1936).

The difference in quality between the two volumes, when they are put side by side, is astonishing. It can be seen from the above quotations how certainly, in a number of forms, Mr. Auden has found his style, how the individual has replaced the merely odd. Most of the old idiosyncrasies, the rigid formulas since copied by other writers, the contorted syntax, the use of imagery as a smoke-screen, the atmosphere of scouting and addresses to the top form have disappeared; and the result is not only a far better and more controlled poetry, but a release of many emotions of which hitherto one had thought Mr. Auden incapable. The love poems in *Look, Stranger!* will be a surprise to those who know only the cryptic hints of his earlier work; however much the love may be thwarted, the expression of it is not. Mr. Auden has succeeded, too—as Messrs. Spender and Day Lewis, for example, have not—in resolving Communist faith to a personal poetic statement.

Look, Stranger! is so varied—thirty-one carefully selected poems from six years' work—that it is difficult to find a single poem which will represent the book. Omitting, then, the satires, the love poems, the manifestos, the bits of autobiography, I choose this, the title piece:

Look, stranger, at this island now
The leaping light for your delight discovers,
Stand stable here
And silent be,
That through the channels of the ear
May wander like a river,
The swaying sound of the sea.

Here at the small field's ending pause
Where the chalk wall falls to the foam, and its tall ledges
Oppose the pluck
And knock of the tide,
And the shingle scrambles after the sucking surf, and the gull lodges
A moment on its sheer side.

Far off like floating seeds the ships
Diverge on urgent voluntary errands;
And the full view
Indeed may enter
And move in memory, as now those clouds do,
That pass the harbour mirror
And all the summer through the water saunter.

That is exquisitely seen and felt. We no longer need salute in Auden a master only of "the acid and austere."

G. W. STONIER

ORIGINS OF UTOPIA

Ideology and Utopia. By KARL MANNHEIM. *Routledge.* 15s.

Professor Mannheim's book, in its original German dress, has been familiar to students of politics as perhaps the most seminal work on the subject since Max Weber. Now it appears in an admirable English translation, revised and brought up to date by Professor Mannheim himself. It is a contribution of the first importance to the understanding of our distressed world. Scholarly in form, built upon a wide command of the relevant material, there is hardly a page on which illumination is not to be found. It is not an easy book; but the reader who takes the pains to master its argument will understand why, before the advent of Herr Hitler, Professor Mannheim was regarded as the most distinguished of the younger German sociologists. This is undoubtedly one of that rare class of books which shape the course of intellectual debate for many years.

To put Professor Mannheim's case simply is to do serious injustice both to the subtlety and the learning with which his argument is developed. What, he asks, are the causes which shape the patterns of social thought? The institutional environment, he argues, gives birth to two types of thinking. Ideologies express the thesis by which those interested in the maintenance of some given situation seek to press its acceptance upon their contemporaries. They are, as it were, the rationalisation of the wishes of those who seek to prevent change. Utopias are the effort of those who are opposed to the existing social pattern and wish to find an alternative configuration of institutions. Change comes when ideologies and Utopias are compelled to adapt *themselves* to a changing environment in which it is impossible to maintain the rigid outlines of a predominant doctrine. There are, therefore, no absolutes, and, given the clue to the sociology of knowledge, we are in a position, by conscious action, to become the masters of our destiny. It is, Professor Mannheim thinks, the tragedy of our age that just when we are in a position to attain this mastery we should be in danger of "losing our will to shape history, and therewith our ability to understand it."

No brief review can display adequately the attractive, even exciting, way in which the sociology of knowledge is used in these arresting pages as the clue to the changed ways of men's thinking. As Professor Mannheim develops his thesis, it becomes a kind of half-way house between the sociology of Weber and that of Marx. It accepts, very largely, the economic interpretation of history; but it adds an emphasis far beyond that of most Marxians, that, given adequate intellectual insight—and this the sociology of knowledge provides—man is in a position to transcend the limitations of his special environment. Knowledge, in fact, almost in the Socratic sense, compels; and, given its sufficiently wide diffusion, we have therein a technique of peaceful change. For Professor Mannheim and his school there is a way round the Marxian dilemma if men are prepared to pay the price.

It is, of course, upon that sovereign condition that the whole of Professor Mannheim's case depends. There is so much that one is anxious to debate with him that the difficulty is not to let the questions crowd in unduly upon one another. Has he not over-estimated the influence of the intellectuals? Has he not, also, over-emphasised the degree to which they are almost a separate interest in society? Is there not a vital difference between the kind of influence they exercise in an expanding society and the attention they command in one of which the inner principle has passed its apogee? The sociology of knowledge explains to us how men come to construct their particular patterns of thought. Does it explain the power they are able to attract to their side? It is a little difficult not to feel that Professor Mannheim, like

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★ The Styx, luckily, is an international river and Hades not altogether British. For if it were and if, contrary to all common justice, duty were payable on imported great "foreign" literature, Mr. Baring would doubtless need to sell his very soul to pay the necessary tax. Unless, of course, his really admirable translations were taken as currency which they richly deserve. A few of these translations, too few perhaps, are Mr. Baring's own, and the reader will find that all the renderings into English are adequate and many more than adequate. Of the Greek and Latin—Homer, Horace, Catullus and Virgil are particularly well represented. There is more French than any other modern language in the book, with the exception of English; but gems of German, Spanish, even Russian, are here in plenty.

★ Touches of autobiography are too rare but not absent as when Mr. Baring persuaded a Greek shepherd to read aloud to him a lovely passage in the original Attic.

The book beautifully printed at the Cambridge University Press, with a special limp binding designed by Stanley Morison. The perfect Christmas book. 8s. 6d. net.

HEINEMANN

Mr. Bertrand Russell in England, like the eminent Austrian jurist, Hans Kilsen, is at bottom so horrified by the price of social conflict as to exaggerate the power of reason to change men's habits of behaviour. He assumes throughout that the will to change is far more real than it actually is. He forgets the degree to which that will is limited by an environment that is never the same for ideologists and Utopians. They never have the same interest in it; they are, therefore, never able to interpret it from the same premises. Each is compelled by the logic of his position to affirm what the other denies; and the circumstances which make for the choice of the initial assumptions are fatal to the will to transcend them. I cannot, therefore, see that Professor Mannheim has really turned the flank of the Marxian position. The peaceful composition of differences depends upon the equal interest in the result of compromise of the parties to the difference. Where, as in our society, this equal interest is absent, will men accept peaceful change when they know the sociological limitations of their original hypotheses? Are they not more likely, as in Germany and Italy, to stifle the sociologist who makes the limitations known?

HAROLD J. LASKI

STUDENTS OF MURDER

Anatomy of Murder. By HELEN SIMPSON, JOHN RHODE, MARGARET COLE, E. R. PUNSHON, DOROTHY L. SAYERS, FRANCIS ILES, and FREEMAN WILLS CROFTS. *John Lane.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

These seven members of the Detective Club have undertaken the analysis of seven historical murders with the intention of shedding some new light on the problems they present. In the cases of Constance Kent and Adelaide Bartlett, where the murders were committed in the pre-Freudian era, John Rhode and Mrs. Cole have a comparatively easy task in supplying the appropriate modern psychological formulae. The others bring out interesting details in the course of their analyses, but hardly attempt more than giving a plain tale a coat of varnish. It is interesting to note that in not a single instance do the authors suggest that there was any miscarriage of justice.

Henry Kinder, a bank clerk, was murdered by Louis Bertrand, a dentist, in Sydney, N.S.W., in the year 1865. The apparent motive was jealousy; Bertrand was having an intrigue with Kinder's wife. The real reason was that Bertrand was a homicidal lunatic, who fancied he had mesmeric powers and was in touch with the Devil: it was only a question of time before he murdered somebody, and the victim might as easily have been his own wife, his sister-in-law, his assistant, his rival or his mistress, Helen Kinder; they were all in the line of fire. To our eyes, the extraordinary feature of the case is the indulgence of the citizens of Sydney, who allowed the insane creature to be at large until he had killed someone, and even then wanted to hang him rather than shut him up. Until then they were content to have their teeth pulled out by this young man, who claimed to be the devil incarnate and went about the streets "roaring like a tiger" whenever he yawned. Miss Helen Simpson can explain Louis Bertrand easily enough, but she cannot explain the citizens of Sydney.

The case of Constance Kent is so well known as to require no description, and I should have thought at this date no further elucidation. Mr. John Rhode has already dealt with it at full length in the Famous Trials Series, but he here provides a short synopsis together with some extracts from an anonymous document dated February, 1929, which he received from Australia soon after his *Case of Constance Kent* was published. This document from internal evidence was either written by Constance Kent herself or by someone intimately acquainted with her childhood, and I wish Mr. Rhode had given it us complete, as the detailed accounts of the Kent *ménage* before the tragedy which he quotes from it are the only original matter in his contribution.

Mrs. Cole, with her up-to-date grasp of sexual problems, writes the best essay in the book. She chooses for her subject the strange marriage of Edwin and Adelaide Bartlett, which began in 1875 under such platonic conditions that Adelaide spent her honeymoon going to school and ended ten years later with Edwin swallowing chloroform while Adelaide held his toe. Adelaide was tried for murder and acquitted with immense cheering in court. Mrs. Cole has the neatest explanation for every detail of their married life, including the final chloroform, except that business with the toe. I have no doubt she could explain that, too, *in camera*. She prints bravely, but her theory for that, if it is the same as mine, would be unprintable.

After Mr. Punshon has discussed the Landru case briefly, Mr. Wills Crofts discovers in New Zealand a case after his own heart. The solution of the Lakey murders in 1933 was a triumph for the methods of Inspector French.

Miss Dorothy L. Sayers takes her turn with the Wallace mystery at Liverpool and confesses herself stumped like the rest of us. Who was "Qualtrough," the owner of the voice on the telephone which gave the bogus address for Wallace to visit while his wife was being killed? If not Wallace himself, who was it? If ever there has been a perfect murder from the murderer's point of view it was the murder of Julia Wallace. Fortunately, it is unlikely to be repeated for the sake of the profits derived from it. If the murderer was Wallace he gained two years of ostracised life in which to write up his diary and contemplate dying by cancer. If it was anyone else he gained about £4 and an iron bar.

Francis Iles discusses the Rattenbury case at great length. It is a pity Miss Tennyson Jesse has already produced her authoritative volume on the trial, as Francis Iles necessarily covers much the same ground. With regard to Stoner's motive, the two authors reach different conclusions. Miss Jesse attributes the crime to mental deficiency, Mr. Iles to ambition. There is a third alternative, namely, that Stoner's jealousy of the closed bedroom door on that Sunday afternoon was well founded.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

TWO VIEWS OF SOCIALISM

The Theory and Practice of Socialism. By JOHN STRACHEY. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Socialism. By LUDWIG VON MISES. *Cape.* 18*s.*

Mr. Strachey writes well. He does this in the sense that he has the power of making a difficult argument seem clear and vivid, and of driving home his points by apt and lively illustration. He is never dull, even when he is writing about matters which lend themselves easily to dullness. This is a great merit, and it largely explains the influence of Mr. Strachey's writings. But it proceeds, at any rate in part, from something else—from a certain freshness of appreciation with which Mr. Strachey greets, and passes on to his readers, his own conquest of an idea. For it is always very plain in his books that he is still learning—continually picking up new ideas and interpretations that fit in with his general point of view, and taking an intense and communicable pleasure in his own voyages of exploration.

The good quality of this method is freshness: its defect is derivativeness. It is usually very evident in Mr. Strachey's writings what he has been reading lately, and that he reads like a magpie, intent on picking up arguments and citations. Not of course a purposeless magpie; for he picks up only what suits his purpose; but still a picker-up of things ready-made rather than an adept at thinking them out painfully for himself. The consequence is seen in an unevenness in his writing. It is all lusty and eminently readable; but some parts of it, far more than others, have been effectively transmuted in his mind.

In his new book, he presents, with all his accustomed attractiveness of style, a purely Communist interpretation of Socialism, enhanced at the end with a bibliography confined entirely to four writers—Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin, though other writers, notably Mr. and Mrs. Webb, are freely quoted in his text. *The Theory and Practice of Socialism* is, in Mr. Strachey's view, simply the theory and practice of Dialectical Materialism, as expounded by Marx and Engels and Lenin and Stalin; and other Socialist writers and doctrines find a place only to the extent to which they represent imperfect adumbrations of the Marxian Scientific Socialism. Movements, too, are evaluated by this standard, which makes, of course, full allowance for their historical foundations and indeed interprets them in this light. But, in order to smooth the reader's way, Mr. Strachey begins with the applications and reserves his direct exposition of Marxist theory and method for his concluding sections. He opens with a sharp contrast between Capitalism and Socialism as economic systems, drawing fruitfully on the positive experience of Socialism in the U.S.S.R. Thence he proceeds to a parallel contrast of political systems, comparing the claims of capitalist democracies with the newer working-class democracy of the U.S.S.R., which he treats as the necessary outcome of the economic revolution which has raised the workers to power. Next comes a section, marred by a number of minor errors of fact, in which he traces in broad outline the development of Socialist ideas and practices against the developing background of economic conditions; and finally he expounds Dialectical Materialism directly, as "The Science of Social Change," making

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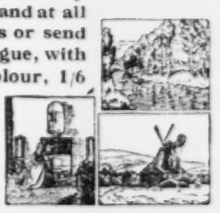

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extensive use of Engels' *Anti-Duehring* and *Ludwig Feuerbach*, and ending with an anticipation of the advance towards Socialism of united working-class movements under the leadership of strong mass Communist Parties, able to meet effectively the inescapable appeal to violence of the capitalist class in face of the threat to its privilege and power.

As a popular introduction to Marxism, Mr. Strachey's book is excellent. With Marxian economics, save in their most general ideas, it does not profess to deal; and there are sections, notably those dealing with the origin and development of the State, in which it is singularly sketchy. But for the most part it expounds clearly and competently the political core of Marx's doctrines and the foundation of historical materialism on which they rest. It is uncritical, in the sense that it accepts wholly and completely the Communist interpretations, sweeping aside very cursorily all opposition on points of principle and detail alike. But, within these limitations, it is easily the best and most understandable popular rendering of the Marxian Communist method that has yet appeared in English.

Professor von Mises' *Socialism* makes a singular contrast to it. For, whereas Mr. Strachey makes many of his most telling points by describing (or quoting from the Webbs) the actual achievements of the Soviet Union, the Austrian professor uses up more than 500 pages in proving to his own satisfaction that these achievements cannot possibly exist. The central "Mises" thesis is already well known. It is that economic calculation is impossible on any other basis than that of private capitalist ownership of the means of production and their use under the stimulus of profit-making in meeting a "free" market demand. "All efforts to realise Socialism," says von Mises, "lead only to the destruction of society. Factories, mines and railways will come to a standstill, towns will be deserted. The population of the industrial territories will die out or migrate elsewhere. The farmer will return to the self-sufficiency of the closed, domestic economy. Without private ownership in the means of production there is, in the long run, no production other than a hand-to-mouth production for one's own needs." Singularly, though the book was published in 1922, the author, revising it in 1932, appears to have felt no need to modify his judgment in view of the actual experiences of Russia. He continues, revising it again for the present edition, to rely on a purely *a priori* judgment. His book was perhaps worth translating as a supreme example of academic absurdity; but it is difficult to imagine any other reason for its appearance. It has all the complacent arrogance of those who, having described a purely imaginary perfect Capitalism in which everything works out *ex hypothesi* for the best, blandly assume the actual existence of this imaginary regime, and then deny the possibility that anything different from this ensample of perfection can exist at all.

G. D. H. COLE

THE BURGLAR SPEAKS

Low Company. By MARK BENNEY. *Peter Davies.* 9s.

Mr. Benney writes an excellent style, and is evidently an uncommonly cultivated man. His schooling was slight, but he has taken full advantage of the libraries in H.M. prisons. The result is an extraordinary account of the criminal attitude, with a background, most vividly drawn, of London's picaresque underworld. Presumably most professional criminals are abnormal, or they would not resist the powerful conditioning which from our earliest years trains us to keep as far as possible within the law. (How powerful this is appears from the small percentage of the population who are professional criminals.) But Mr. Benney was brought up in a criminal environment. He learnt to admire crooks and to despise their victims at the age most of us are being taught to write in our copybooks that Honesty is the Best Policy. "If law-abidingness is acting according to the dictates of the community you were born into, there never was a more law-abiding person than myself." Though he is a very thoughtful man, it is doubtful if he realises what a nuisance thieving is. If there were more Mr. Benneys about, we should all of us have to sleep with our windows shut; and half our day would be wasted in locking and unlocking safes in which everything we did not want to lose would have to be kept. As it is this fraction of the community which lives by dishonesty costs a lot of money, and wastes a lot of energy. There is a good case for sending incurable criminals to a lethal chamber: or, more humanely, for segregating them in the greatest comfort economically possible upon an island. But there is no case for making their lives miserable for two, three or seven years, and then loosing them again upon Society. Mr. Benney does not seem to feel any great resentment against the treatment he received at an Industrial School, at Borstal, in Wormwood Scrubs, and in Chelmsford Prison. But his description of the psychological effects of the solitude in which a prisoner spends most of his time is not encouraging.

> Solitude has the effect of forcing one's acquaintance upon oneself; and in the narrow scrutiny of self which that follows, faults are much more manifest than virtues even as the brokenness of a broken vase is more manifest than its vaseness. . . . One is surprised to find that this self of ours . . . is really an unreconciled aggregate of many selves and anti-selves, much too divided to merit a single epithet. . . . In solitude the prisoner will realise this discord, strive to resolve it, and save himself alive. . . . I have known some hundreds of prisoners intimately, and there have been few of them who have not worked sincerely towards their goal. . . . The prisoner in solitary confinement usually has a corpus of anti-social habits, prejudices and resentments which will have a voice in his ultimate choice of camps. And, as he vacillates in the strife between his good and bad elements, it seems just as easy to be completely bad as completely good.

In fact solitude easily turns the half-baked weakling into the single-minded criminal. A tendency becomes an obsession.

Mr. Benney's excursions into psychology are interesting, but not too frequent. Most of the book is straightforward and very graphic description. (I suspect he could write an excellent novel.) The excitement of burgling is wonderfully conveyed, and he has a sweet story of a reformed burglar who was reduced, for the sake of recovering this excitement, to periodically burgling his own house. He has himself a passionate interest in works of art and specialised in stealing these though they are particularly difficult to sell. Several of his burglaries were executed in the company of a terrific highbrow, who used to sit and read the best books in a library, while Mr. Benney packed up the portable goods. The picture of the Underworld of tarts, ponces, gambling-hell keepers, fences and nancy-boys is highly—perhaps too highly—picturesque. Altogether this is an enthralling book, authentic, thoughtful and as vivid as a gangster film. But I wish the author would not be a Communist. This is altogether too easy and superficial a rationalisation of his anti-social habits. *Non tali auxilio.* But perhaps his Communism can give him a purpose in life which will make his exciting depredations—and their boring consequences—unnecessary.

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WINIFRED WILLIAMS

7/6 **Constable** 7/6

GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG

Arthur James Balfour, First Earl of Balfour, K.G., O.M., F.R.S. By his Niece, BLANCHE E. C. DUGDALE. Vol. II. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

The second volume of Mrs. Dugdale's biography covers the period 1906 to 1930, the year of Lord Balfour's death. The merits and defects of the work as a whole were dealt with in the review of the first volume, and only a word or two on this subject is now necessary. Mrs. Dugdale's admiration and affection for her uncle shine so ardently through her pages that one feels ill-mannered in intruding criticism. That the object of these deep feelings was a worthy object of them cannot be doubted, and sometimes, as in the last few pages, the reader is made to feel something of what the writer is feeling. But, taken as a whole, the portrait which it draws of Balfour, whether as a man or a statesman, is rather vague and disappointing. The chief reasons for this are two. First, Mrs. Dugdale is too close to Balfour to draw an adequate picture of his statesmanship. It is not that she is unfairly partisan, but she simply does not see the difficulties and therefore ignores them. The result is rather a political apologia than an objective political biography. Secondly, very little is given from which we can construct the man behind the statesman. Balfour was famous for his charm, his wit, and his intelligence. If we had been given even a few of his letters in this volume—letters dealing with life and literature—the reader might have been able to recapture something of these not unimportant qualities. But no such letters are included, and we are left with only some very brief records of conversations, and those almost entirely political.

From the historico-biographical point of view the first ninety-two pages of this volume are much the most interesting, for they contain the narrative of Balfour's leading of the Opposition during the crucial years of the Liberal Government, 1906 to 1911. Balfour never understood at the time or afterwards the importance of the issues raised then for Britain and for Europe; his complete blindness to the larger issues, encouraged by his extraordinary political adroitness and his enjoyment of his own skill in the parliamentary game, explains why a man of his intellectual powers, experience, integrity, and charm was able so complacently to become one of the chief agents or tools in the destruction of a civilisation. What is, perhaps, rather more surprising is that his biographer, who has had the advantage or misfortune of six more years of political experience, shares his blindness.

Mrs. Dugdale records a conversation with Balfour in 1925 in which he remarked to her that "I doubt if you would find it written in any book of the British Constitution that the whole essence of British Parliamentary government lies in the *intention to make it work*. We take that for granted." A true and illuminating remark. But the author of it never realised that on the question of Mr. Lloyd George's budget, on the Parliament Bill, and on Home Rule for Ireland he and the Conservative Party were false to this primary principle of parliamentary democracy: when the wheels of democracy began to turn in a direction which they considered to threaten the fundamental interests of their class, they tried with considerable success to prevent the system working. Could political blindness go farther? Yes, it could. On July 22nd, 1911, Balfour, leader of the Opposition, wrote a confidential memorandum in which he explained to his principal colleagues his views on whether the Tory House of Lords should finally vote against the Parliament Bill and so force the king to fulfil his pledge and create peers. He explained that he had himself no objection to the creation of peers, "provided that it does not swamp the House of Lords." And then he added these remarkable words: "All my criticism yesterday was directed against the policy of so profoundly modifying the constitution of the Second Chamber that it would become, with regard to some measures, a mere annexe to the House of Commons." But that was exactly what in the eyes of everyone who was not a Conservative—and what in fact—the House of Lords had been for the better part of a century and still is. The House of Lords is "with regard to some measures," i.e., the measures passed when a Conservative Government is in office, "an annexe of the House of Commons": with regard to other measures, i.e., those passed when a Conservative Government is not in office, it is an annexe of the Conservative Party machine and the vested interests, from brewing to the debris of the old landed aristocracy and the Court, which that machine serves. The author of *The Foundations of Belief* and the *Defence of Philosophic Doubt* was totally unable to see this. In order to preserve the power and privileges of his own class and of the classes upon whom he relied for power, he was prepared to strain the Constitution to breaking point, to compromise the Crown, and to sabotage the whole system of parliamentary democracy. He was able to justify such action to himself by applying the blessed word "revolution" to the first steps necessary to ensure that the electorate could get measures through Parliament which were distasteful to a few hundred Conservative peers and the controllers of the Conservative Party machine.

We all know that democracy is in the year 1936 fighting with its back to the wall in what appears to be the last ditch. It has fought in so many last ditches during the last 2,000 years that to believe that we are about to witness the final victory of the forces of political barbarism is probably the result of either excessive optimism or excessive pessimism. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that democracy and European civilisation have received a nasty knock. One of the first and most devastating blows which they received was in Britain in the years 1900 to 1914. The question was then posed, in the economics of Britain and the politics of the Irish question, whether the logical development of democracy should take place peacefully and parliamentarily. The answer was, No. It was given by the House of Lords and the Conservative Government under the leadership of Balfour and by the army in the Curragh. Its significance in the history of Europe and its effect upon European civilisation depend upon the fact that this country was the fountain-head of parliamentary democracy.

The interesting psychological problem remains: Why did a man of Balfour's intelligence and integrity remain unaware that the question had been asked and that he had answered it? The explanation is that he was an aristocrat of the *ancien régime*. If he had been born in the France of 1748 instead of in the Scotland of 1848 and had died in the Paris of Charles X and 1830 instead of the England of George V and 1930, his mind and political achievements would have been just the same. He would have been one of those cultured, humane, intelligent, charming, high-minded, open-minded, well-intentioned, but iron-minded aristocrats who made the Revolution inevitable and who in March, 1830, were proving that it was impossible for them to forget or to

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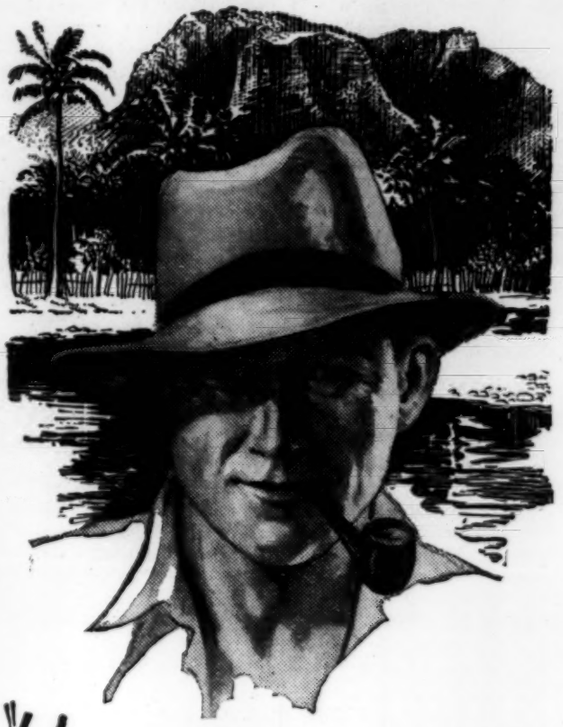

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learn anything. The blindness with which aristocracies—another name for vested interests—encompass their own and other people's ruin is a commonplace of history and is illustrated once more in this Life of Balfour. The Marxist sees in it a proof of materialist determination, but it may equally be explained as part of the psychological determination of history. LEONARD WOOLF

HANDICAPS

Handicaps: Six Studies in the Uses of Adversity. By MARY MACCARTHY. *Longmans.* 6s.

The quiet lady who wore black lace mittens and a brown chenille net over her hair and who had a likeness to Gainsborough's portrait of Miss Singleton, on late winter afternoons would read stories to the boys while they panted, with their cheeks still scarlet after their last bouts of football in the twilight. The stories usually had a moral and the boys were not attentive, until suddenly some sentence struck home, after which they sat rigid, their chins between their clenched fists, the surreptitious sweet forgotten in their cheeks for, demure and prim, the lady was reading of astonishing things: of a blind man who was so brave that he skated twenty miles a day across the fens; of Mr. Kavanagh who had no hands or feet, but who rode across Persia, charmed the ladies in the harems and shot tigers before he took his seat in Parliament to oppose Mr. Gladstone on Home Rule. Everything is comfortable and familiar; and then suddenly it is exciting and then once more one is sitting by the fire with one's thoughts wandering. That is how reading Mrs. MacCarthy's six studies of adversity made me feel—that I was a young boy suddenly feeling the charm of a person, kindling to a story and then looking at the fire and stealing another piece of toffee into my mouth. Sometimes it seemed to me there was nothing there; sometimes it was fascinating; I can't tell why any more than the boy can tell why he listens, but like him I shall be very disappointed if there are not more of these stories, about all sorts of odd people and not only people who were handicapped physically in life.

The story of Mary Lamb's recurrent insanity and that of Beethoven's deafness quite failed to catch my interest; those of Henry Fawcett and Arthur Kavanagh fascinated me, not simply because I had only a sketchy idea of one and had never heard of the other. And W. E. Henley is obviously an uncongenial companion for Mrs. MacCarthy. She tells us that we ought to like him and admire him because he was poor and brave and energetic—but we cannot make the effort to believe that she does herself. Robert Louis Stevenson, somewhat incongruously, closes her list, but does his tuberculosis really qualify him for it? He was often really gloriously happy; he did not even die of T.B., and one can hardly say that it interfered with his work. I wish that she had chosen to write of his brother Bob instead, for I have been told that he had an appalling handicap. He was witty and brilliantly original and imaginative: a man of genius. But directly he took up his pen his ideas failed him and only the most dreary banalities and clichés were set down upon the paper—a far worse handicap than any of the purely physical ones that Mrs. MacCarthy has chosen. Perhaps she will write a companion volume of biographical sketches on such psychological handicaps, which are the worst of all because against them even courage is of no avail. Indeed, usually they cannot be frankly admitted and discussed. D. G.

COUNT CARLO SFORZA

Europe and Europeans. By COUNT CARLO SFORZA. *Harrap.* 10s. 6d.

It may well be true that the author of these memoirs was the only celebrated Liberal ambassador of the modern world who, caught at his post, was begged by a Dictator to remain there. In Paris at the time of the march on Rome, he immediately resigned, in spite of personal letters from Mussolini entreating loyalty: more than this, he returned to the Senate and opposed the new Government until 1925, "as long as public discussion was allowed." Since then, he has been in voluntary exile. In his latest book, dedicated "To all those who still want to hope," he gives us a somewhat jumbled, always interesting, collection of personal experiences and observations extending over thirty years of diplomatic life in Europe and the East. A devotee, as his pages constantly witness, of both Cavour and Mazzini, Count Sforza is one of those cultivated, practical, almost ferocious humanists of whom there would seem, now, to be practically none in international politics. To his inheritors, the disorganised, havering Left of to-day, he shows, like Benes, that it is not essential to be a Communist in order to do more than say boo to a goose-step.

The Treaty of Rapallo was his chief success. In 1915, the Treaty of London had promised Sonnino, for Italy, a portion of Dalmatia (which is, of course, Slav) on condition that she joined the Allies. For many years, Count Sforza had fought the anti-Slav policy of the Italian nationalists, and he successfully demonstrates how the acceptance of this Treaty not only presented the Austrian High Command with superb propaganda, but also crippled co-operation between the Italian and Serbian generals. As Foreign Minister in 1920, however, he had an opportunity of summoning the Yugoslavs to a final settlement. He told them that just as they wished to overstep the Eastern Alps, a victory-intoxicated Italy desired the return of the ancient Venetian possessions on the Adriatic, and he added that whatever decision was come to, it would be a violently unpopular one for them all. For his part, he said, he had decided to forgo Dalmatia on condition that Italy should reach her logical frontier the Alps. As the Count's historian, Mr. Shotwell, puts it, "Sforza refused to place the negotiation on a basis of diplomatic bargaining. It was to be an honest conciliation of the national aspirations of two peoples which should finally result in an *entente* between them." The conditions were accepted, and Rapallo was the result.

Count Sforza's policy of friendship towards the Balkans has, naturally, been reversed by Mussolini, who virtually reoccupied the Albania that the former evacuated. But the interest, and merit, of Rapallo lies in the fact that it was one of the last anti-nationalist treaties between two European countries; namely, one executed on principles of genuine give and genuine take.

Belonging to a generation of diplomats who received their training in Embassies, not in touting for champagne-orders, the author is a man with a very extensive knowledge of history and literature. He can express himself with unusual neatness in English. We are reminded that "... there is no mistake, except dying, that makes it impossible for a politician to return to power." His pages on Lloyd George, I might add, lend this phrase an appalling poignancy.

If a certain complacency about Bozen is to be passed over, the subjects on which many will find the book at fault are two, Russia and Spain. Stalin is as grisly as Hitler to all men of his political tradition. But his claim that Spain contains no lower-middle class ends with the words, "And that is why nationalism as a religious creed did not make its appearance there." He asserts, too, that the Spanish intellectuals would never desert the Left: Unamuno, sadly enough, is among those he mentions. That Count Sforza, the anti-nationalist, could err so gravely is because, at bottom, he still believes in nations as entities. His heroes are nineteenth-century, irredentist heroes. The heroes of liberalism. Forgetful that Fascism, the mercenary of a desperate economic system, is therefore international, and ready ruthlessly to provoke or help wherever it is needed, he thought Spain too "frantically individualist" to be in danger. He relied, in short, on Spain as a nation. In actual fact, it is already true that Europe consists of only one nation, and that this nation is already at civil war.

BRIAN HOWARD

SHORTER NOTICES

Debussy. By EDWARD LOCKSPEISER. *Dent.* 4s. 6d.

A good book on Debussy was badly needed and, on the whole, Mr. Lockspeiser fills the bill—far better, at any rate, than Léon Vallas's much larger and more pretentious work, which solved none of the psychological problems involved in the study of this strange man. The present writer reveals the crux quite early in his study, thus: "And little by little, as is often the way with intensely warm-hearted people, he obscured himself from the outside world by a screen of bristling irony. Here is perhaps the key to Debussy's personality—irony and sensuousness, the one eating into or overriding the other." Irony and sensuousness are indeed the foremost characteristics of Debussy's music, from the early songs to the orchestral *gigues;* it is a combination of qualities particularly favourable to the production of works of art, as other great examples (e.g. Flaubert) have shown. Elsewhere, the deep mistrust of himself which one feels, in reading his story, issued in a fanatical hatred of dilettantism and a corresponding doubt of his own work: he was always starting things and failing to finish them. Yet, when he did finish anything, the result was as perfect in its way as anything in music. Mr. Lockspeiser steers a gingerly way through the shadowy maze of the composer's relations with women ("I have never forced anyone to love me," he wrote, at the end of his life); he writes very well of the French attitude to music at the *fin de siècle*, and the symposium of opinions on Debussy's character, given

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by those who knew him best, is extraordinarily interesting. On the subject of the music itself Mr. Lockspeiser seems to me less satisfactory; images culled from other arts result in superficial judgments, and it is surely a mistake to underrate the three late sonatas, in which Debussy's characteristic idiom, freed from mannerisms and served by an amazing technique, attained a transparent purity of theme and treatment.

Viscount Halifax. Part Two, 1885-1934. By J. G. LOCKHART. *Bles.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The second volume of Lord Halifax's Life is less interesting than the first to the general reader, though it will be greedily read by Anglo-Catholics. It is largely concerned with his attempts in the Eighteen-Nineties, and again in the Malines Conversations of the Nineteen-Twenties, to smooth the way for the reunion of the Churches of England and of Rome. Since comprehensiveness is the mark and historical *raison d'être* of Anglicanism, and uniformity has been the perpetual aim of Rome, these efforts were foredoomed to failure. Lord Halifax himself was in some ways curiously childish. Not only did he construct in one of his houses elaborate secret passages and priests' holes, but he believed water-divining to be a Satanic activity. He was impatient with his friend Charles Gore's preoccupation with social questions: "My dear Gore, I cannot think why you are so interested in a world which you know is all going to be burnt up." This was logical enough in a man who believed so resolutely that this world was only a preparation for Eternity. Unfortunately when the privileges of his own order were attacked by the pre-war Liberal Government, his indignation was not moderated by any such sense of the unimportance of sublunar things. Moreover the bellicose gusto and eloquent fury which he showed in ecclesiastical controversy were profoundly unedifying. The illiterate fanaticism of Kensit, it is true, was enough to try the patience of a Saint. And in private life, at any rate, Lord Halifax was a most delightful and saintly man. Mr. Lockhart has executed admirably his long and laborious task.

Income and Outcome: A Study of Personal Finance. By NIGEL BALCHIN. *Hamish Hamilton.* 6*s.*

This book performs the rare feat of living up to its publisher's blurb. It fills the deplorable gap in sociological literature occasioned by the unwillingness of economists however vocal on the subject of indifference curves, the export of capital, the Gold Standard and so forth, to explain How to Live an Upper-Middle-Class Life on a Lower-Middle-Class Income, or Why We Are All Broke At the End of the Month. It contains observations on Rent (with or without dilapidations and constant hot water) on Insurance and Medical Expenses (these chapters will plague many consciences) on Children (who cost a lot and cost it in a nasty underhand deceitful way), on Income Tax (and it is to be hoped that Sir Ernest Benn will read it), on Credit and Discredit (or the Hire Purchase System), on Cars (a rather grim chapter, this), on Casual Expenditure (or The Mice Have Eaten It). . . . And so on. It will be seen from this catalogue that the book is addressed to the bourgeoisie, petty and otherwise. But the reader is never allowed to forget for long that "the middle-class income is about as near the middle of the real scatter of incomes as the 34th inch is to the middle of a yard"; and the selection of middle-class budgets which winds up the book is prefaced by three grim thirty-shilling-a-week schemes of expenditure designed to give a sense of reality to "those of us who just managed to muddle through last year on £500 and a fifty-pound overdraft." It is a temptation to go on quoting indefinitely. It is that sort of book—need one say more? Only this; that Mr. Balchin has achieved a delectable blend of needful information, good advice, sound psychology and first-rate entertainment which is the perfect antidote—even if not the sure preventive—for that recurring End-Of-The-Month Feeling.

Living in Tokyo. By KATHERINE SANSOM. *Chatto and Windus.* 15*s.*

This is a sympathetic study of Tokyo as seen from the point of view of an English lady resident. Mrs. Sansom writes very simply and well. If you want to know what it is like to live in Tokyo this book will tell you. It is delightful reading. "One interesting result of Japan's recent arrival in the foreign world is that here, peasants and artisans, who continue very much the lives their fathers led, do nevertheless take for granted the various Western inventions of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. They are consummate telephonists, so much so that one sometimes feels the telephone must have been invented for the Japanese more than for anyone else, and they switch electric light on and off from one end of the country to the other, with the result that it is almost impossible to buy a good oil-lamp." There are forty black and white and colour illustrations by Marjorie Nishiwaki. They are delightful. This book is the perfect present for anyone who likes good drawing or is interested in the East.

The House of Longman, 1724-1800: A Bibliographical History. By CHARLES JAMES LONGMAN. Edited by JOHN G. CHANDLER. *Longmans.* 30*s.*

When Charles James Longman died in 1934 he had been for six years engaged on the bibliography of the books published during the eighteenth century which bore on their imprint the name of Longman. This bibliography was found to be practically completed, together with an interesting list of booksellers and publishers' signs, and a preface to the proposed publication which is printed, unfinished as it was found, as the prelude to this volume. Mr. John G. Chandler, who for fifty years had worked with the firm, has been responsible for putting the work together, and has provided an introduction which fills the gaps, and a story of the famous firm during the eighteenth century which supplements the author's preface. Though Mr. Longman's notes do not form a complete bibliography of books dealt with, they will nevertheless prove of great value to the bibliographer and collector, as in every case Mr. Longman explains the source from which he obtained the information given, whether from the British Museum, the catalogues of his firm and of other publishers, or references in contemporary advertisement. The book is also of great interest for the light it throws on the conditions of book publishing and selling at a time when books of any importance were generally the joint ventures of several firms.

Music Observed. By A. H. FOX-STRANGWAYS. *Methuen.* 6*s.*

This selection of short miscellaneous articles, made by Mr. Steuart Wilson from the author's journalism, covers a wide range. It is unnecessary to call attention, at this time of day, to the claims of Mr. Fox-Strangways as a scholar and appreciator of music; but this collection cannot fail to stimulate anyone who is curious about some of its less explored aspects. The nineteenth century is the author's speciality, but this book shows him at home in other periods. Not everyone will agree with his estimate of modern music: his choice seems to fall on Delius, Kodaly, Sibelius, Szymanowski and Vaughan Williams—great names; but he will have none of Busoni or Bloch, whom many would consider superior to Szymanowski, at least. However, as Mr. Fox-Strangways points out, "nothing whatever is to be got out of listening to what you are not in the mood for." This applies to reading, too; but Mr. Fox-Strangways has provided for all moods.

Things We Should Know About Mind. By ROY SHERWOOD. *Rider.* 5*s.*

Mr. Sherwood tells us that the idea of this book occurred to him on the occasion of a recent lecture at a military centre. The idea was that of applying the discipline of psychology to improve man's chances for a wider and better life; and in chapter after chapter he deals with the mind in relation to our personal and communal life from infancy onwards. Avoiding technicalities Mr. Sherwood brings many of the discoveries and theories of modern experimental psychology to bear upon the formation of good and the breaking of bad habits, the sublimation of instincts, and other practical transformations of character which are socially and individually desirable.

Week-end Competitions

No. 348

Set by Ralph Partridge

In the *Times* the other day there was a short paragraph from their Tokyo correspondent, headed: *New Use for Jazz.* The usual prizes are offered for the most convincing paragraph of not more than 200 words to appear in a future issue of the *Times* from either their Berlin, Bangkok, or Brighton correspondents, headed *New Use for Swastika.*

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, November 20th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 346

Set by Leigh Ashton

An American lady called at my office and after a prolonged period of questioning me on various subjects to do with art, bid me farewell, saying, "You have been most kind, Mr. Ashton; it will all be most helpful to me in my course; I shall certainly come back next year to you." I politely asked what her course was, to which she replied, "Culture." With slight alarm I then questioned her as to her course next year, to which she answered, "Oh! next year I am taking 'Background.'" Set a paper of not more than eight questions, which might be regarded as a suitable test for a student in this subject. We offer the usual prizes for the best entries.

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UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—The Senate invite applications for the University Readership in Modern French History tenable at University College. Salary £500 a year. Applications (12 copies) must be received not later than first post on January 15th, 1937, by the ACADEMIC REGISTRAR, University of London, W.C.1, from whom further particulars should be obtained.

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Report by Leigh Ashton

I was delighted by the variety of questions which were set, but a little surprised at the absence of certain subjects. No one mentioned the press, only one the theatre, while dress, finance, the cinema and sport were almost entirely excluded. A large proportion of the questions were more suitable to a "History" or "Culture" paper than to one on "Background"; for I do not think there is much doubt that the aim of Mrs. Considine 3rd's course is social. Most entrants treated the competition on an English basis and I have had to accept that qualification. I commend C. Fraser in this respect for "No student who has not travelled in England is eligible for this section of the Diploma." I am grateful to "Pendulum" for a suggested list of questions for my own benefit, when Mrs. Considine 3rd returns, but they will not do for this competition. The ideal paper should combine the academic element with a plausible modicum of absurdity, and many papers, while having individually good questions, erred too strongly on one side or the other. Sex was treated too blatantly by most competitors, and I was surprised by the almost universal use of Rima and Duke Ellington, as symbols of Art and Music. I pool the first and second prizes and divide them between H. C. Riddell, of Birmingham, for a brilliant and delightful paper, and C. Field, of the King's School, Bruton, Somerset, who has my warmest admiration for his academic effort. Mr. Riddell's paper has naturally a mature distinction, but Mr. Field's has an authentic ring and if either of them would care to lunch with me against the background of the Victoria and Albert Museum, when they are next in Town, I hope they will invite themselves.

I print a composite paper from various sources, three good flippant questions and the two winning entries.

Three flippant questions:

1. Have you a mother? If so, do you still speak? (Miss Diana King.)
2. How do you eat asparagus? (Miss M. McDougall.)
3. "Yes, Sir, she certainly has background."—Franklin D. Roosevelt. Do you consider from your answers to the previous questions that this could now be said of you? (Arthog.)

Composite Paper:

Floreat Almam Matrem. (C. Fraser.)

Candidates are requested to adjust their sense of values before entering the examination room. (A. J. Wilson.)

1. "To-day's culture is to-morrow's background." What are the features of present-day culture, which will form the Background for the future? (S. W. Green.)
2. What would you say of a man who preferred Wagner to Bach? (David Daiches.)
3. Choose any two modern fashionable types of diet and describe their results among your friends. (M. B. Fox.)
4. What Background do you gather from the following phrases:
   (*a*) We simply had to give another week to Buda Pest. (Miss M. Chisholm.)
   (*b*) She couldn't have got into those pyjamas. (Miss M. Chisholm.)
   (*c*) I'm no Democrat. (Miss M. Chisholm.)
   (*d*) They offered me India. (Miss M. Seaton.)
   (*e*) Darling, I flopped. (Miss M. Seaton.)
   (*f*) I don't believe the poor are a bit grateful for one's efforts. (Miss M. Seaton.)
5. The Cinema to-day suffers from a plethora of means, music from a dearth. Discuss. (Eric Moses.)
6. Do you look at the programme before switching on your radio? (Richard Pomfret.)
7. What do you understand by the Gold Standard?
8. "An Englishman's home may be his castle, but Buckingham Palace dwells in every true British heart." Give a plan for a thesis based on these words. (C. Fraser.)

FIRST PRIZE

Intermediate Examination for a Diploma in Background.

GENERAL BACKGROUND

(NOTE.—Part 1 consists of recent comments by well-known people on Background. The places and dates of these comments in brackets after them are only meant as an acknowledgment and should not be taken into account in your answers.)

(NOTE.—Part 2 consists of three questions of which the last is the most important. Candidates are advised to spend at least an hour over this question and to write not less than 500 words on it.)

PART 1

Discuss:

1. "What is the use of owning your own backyard if you don't own your Background." (Prof. Riddell at a Building Society dinner, 1932.)
2. "If you have two shirts sell one and invest the money on Background." (Mr. "Charlie" Stiver in the paddock at Epsom, 1934.)
3. "Can Christianity provide a Background for a hedonist?" (Rev. Riddell at a party, 1936.)
4. "You and your Background are one but they are not the same thing." (Mr. Smith, lecturing to students of this course, 1935.)
5. "One must not confuse Background with Experience." (Prof. Riddell in a lucid moment, 1936.)

PART 2

1. Do you agree with the Proustian theory that one approaches the foreground with one's whole Background?
2. Do you consider Religion and the Arts essential to the Background of a Stockbroker? You may think the answer is obviously "No," but discuss.
3. What about a flowered paper in the spare bedroom, dear?

H. C. RIDDELL

SECOND PRIZE

"BACKGROUND"

1. "I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue." Can you?
2. Discuss the Divine Right of Kings—replying to the question: "Is Hitler Heaven-sent?"
3. "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." Discuss this with especial reference to capital punishment.
4. Express, concisely, your views on birth-control.
5. Appreciation of good food and drink. Is this an attribute of the cultured mind?
6. Conversation, as an art, is grossly neglected. Discuss.
7. J. B. Priestley writes of Harold Felton, B.A., spending his holidays "in cautious foreign travel." Do you think that foreign travel should be cautious?
8. "—and all the men and women merely players." Is it your wish to act in melodrama or in farce?

C. FIELD

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 202.—CROME TERRACE

By W. F. LUCKETT

Crome Terrace consists of six houses named Whiteways, Redlands, Greenleaves, Black Rock, Greystones and Browngates (but not necessarily in that order). They are painted white, red, green, black, grey and brown, but no house is painted the colour suggested by its name. Moreover, they are occupied by a Mr. White, a Mr. Redd, a Mr. Green, a Mr. Black, a Mr. Gray and a Mr. Brown, but no occupier has painted his house the colour suggested by his name or named his house after himself.

Mr. Redd lives between the grey and the brown houses.

Mr. Gray's house is painted the colour suggested by the name of the occupier of Greystones.

Mr. White's house is painted the colour suggested by the name of the occupier of Whiteways.

And that, if you know Crome Terrace, is enough to tell you where they all live. If you don't know Crome Terrace, the following information will be required:

Whiteways is between Black Rock and Redlands.

The white and the green houses are at the ends of the terrace.

The grey house is between Greystones and Greenleaves.

What is the name of Mr. Brown's house and what colour is it painted?

PROBLEM 200.—REVOLT IN CUBA

I don't think I have ever seen so many answers submitted to one problem. My own answer (which has the support of, at any rate, a reasonably large majority) is that there are 2,226 arrangements which can be differentiated. The total is made up as follows:

Distribution of colours among faces.	No. of arrangements, with each given number of colours.	No. of different colour arrangements.	Total.
6	1	6	6
5 1	1	30	30
4 2	2	30	60
3 3	2	15	30
4 1 1	2	60	120
3 2 1	3	120	360
2 2 2	6	20	120
3 1 1 1	5	60	300
2 2 1 1	8	90	720
2 1 1 1 1	15	30	450
1 1 1 1 1 1	30	1	30
		Total	2,226

A few solvers have assumed that in constructing each cube, all six colours must be used. I can find no justification for this assumption.

PROBLEM 199.—HOWGEGO

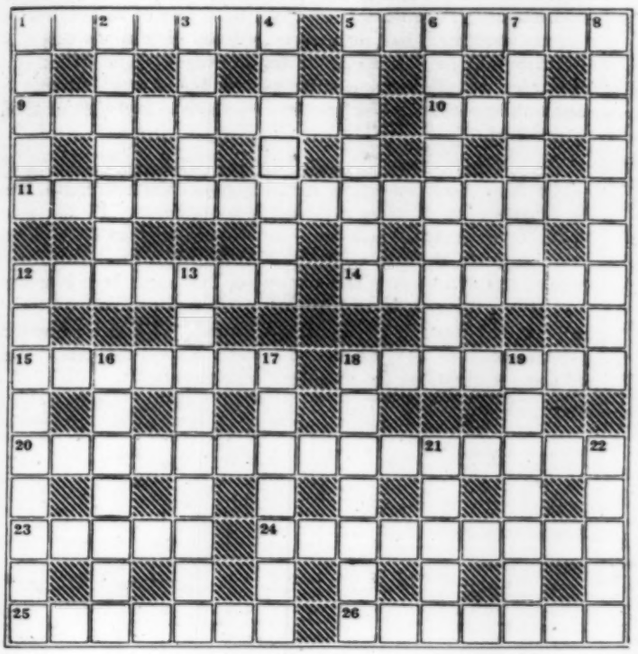
A set of Low's cartoons goes to: H. Lambert Smith, 69 Grosvenor Avenue, Carshalton, Surrey. *Four* points are awarded.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 349

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
James George, 46a Union Street, Aberdeen.

ACROSS

1. 'Tis mice produce this race.
5. This may mean a turn with dog's nose.
9. How a nautical producer might summon the entire cast on the stage.
10. They tell one how to play a straight game.
11. Self-styled ruler with very temporal power.
12. Monkey of obviously more than human constitution.
14. Would be able to cheer in verse.
15. Prelude to a Bath trio.
18. Here you must write 7.
20. Meteorologically down, and presumably out.
23. In limited surroundings we lived.
24. Suggests a rigorous state.
25. It little profits men as a rule when they are quick.
26. Prepared for splicing.

DOWN

1. The side that is always shown.
2. If this pigment were not so skin deep we should all be blacks.
3. Put a label on a brace of ducks.
4. Though Charlie's short, he's over 10.
5. Strange males to tea.
6. The Army always makes it right.
7. Turn at lunch to make an opening.
8. Instruction for not so much palatable work.
12. Suitable beginning for an epitaph.
13. Church dignitary who no doubt has a restraining influence.
16. Paid when one takes one's revenge perhaps.
17. He's taken bets about the Commands.
18. Result of running out of water.
19. Making a sound return.
21. This fibre has had its palmy days.
22. In our age Darwin's work is appreciated.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

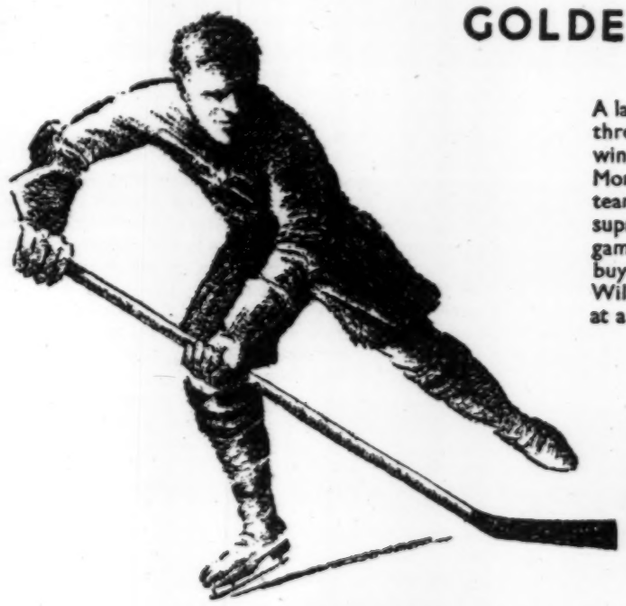
R	A	S	C	A	L	S	■	S	P	R	I	T	E	S
E	■	A	■	S	■	O	■	P	■	E	■	A	■	E
F	I	F	T	H	O	F	N	O	V	E	M	B	E	R
U	■	F	■	T	■	T	■	O	■	L	■	L	■	P
G	E	R	M	A	N	W	I	N	E	■	H	E	R	E
E	■	O	■	R	■	A	■	■	■	■	■	A	■	N
■	U	N	B	O	L	T	E	D	■	J	O	U	S	T
■	■	■	■	T	■	E	■	O	■	U	■	■	■	■
T	E	E	T	H	■	R	O	U	N	D	E	R	S	■
A	■	X	■	■	■	■	B	■	C	■	E	■	P	■
X	R	A	Y	■	S	A	L	T	C	E	L	L	A	R
I	■	C	■	P	■	P	■	L	■	S	■	I	■	O
C	A	T	H	E	R	I	N	E	W	H	E	E	L	S
A	■	L	■	R	■	N	■	S	■	I	■	V	■	I
B	O	Y	K	I	N	G	■	S	A	P	I	E	N	T

In puzzle 344 the solution to 1 down should have read "Dead Men"

GOLDEN MOMENTS

Ice Hockey

A last minute attack—he's through and scores the winning goal—a Golden Moment for him and his team—a great player, supreme in his particular game—but even he cannot buy a better tobacco than Wills's "Cut Golden Bar" at a shilling an ounce.



2 oz. vacuum tin

CUT GOLDEN BAR

READY RUBBED
In 2 oz. Pocket Vacuum Tins
and 1 oz. Airtight Tins
FLAKE FORM
In 2 oz. Airtight Tins
and 1 oz. Packets

1/- AN OUNCE

C.B.79B.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

MR. ROOSEVELT'S NUISANCE VALUE—HOW TO DEAL IN AMERICAN SHARES—SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR INVESTMENT

THE upswing in the New York stock markets on Mr. Roosevelt's re-election was as unexpected as the size of his majority. Perhaps that much-maligned animal, the "bear," was mainly responsible. The sudden rise in share prices is as well attributed to "bear closing" as the sudden fall to "bear selling." The intriguing question is whether Mr. Roosevelt will become more radical or less as the result of his sweeping victory. Those who heard his election speeches were left in no doubt as to his determination to carry on the fight for social and economic reform. The high taxation, the supervision of banks and investment trusts, the restrictions upon new capital issues and stock market trading, are therefore likely to continue. Of course, these measures will appear to most readers of this journal as small beer, but nevertheless they will frighten a large number of American capitalists, who will be increasingly anxious to bring their financial business to London. I have heard one frightened business man declare that America is too unstable for investment because the masses are on the move and Mr. Roosevelt is their leader. I would, however, bet that the institutions of private property and business are much safer in Mr. Roosevelt's hands than in the hands of any European dictator. Bless him, he only wants to remove the excesses of the American capitalist system. I venture to prophesy that the President's naughtiest reforms will in nowise hold up the American recovery.

* * *

The reader who wanted advice on how to buy American shares, and which, must have his answer this week. All shares quoted on the New York Stock Exchange or Curb can be purchased on the London Stock Exchange, that is, if the jobber will make a reasonable price. In the leaders quite reasonable prices will be quoted in London—for example, I have known of a dealing margin of $\frac{1}{8}$ only in the quotation for a 1,000 U.S. Steel at 75—but in the shares which do not enjoy a free market in London it is generally much cheaper to buy in New York direct. If you buy in New York through the London office of an American broker (there are about twenty such firms with London branch offices) you pay only the New York brokerage: if you buy in New York through a member of the London Stock Exchange, you pay the latter's brokerage in addition to the American brokerage. The London jobber's quotation for an American share is in so-called "Stock Exchange dollars" i.e., it is the New York dollar price divided by the current rate of exchange and multiplied by 5. The English equivalents so obtained are quoted in our financial papers daily. As London jobbers generally take a bullish view of the New York trend they will often quote prices in the morning which are above the English equivalents of the previous night's closing prices in New York. Thus it often pays to sell in London the leading shares which were cheaper to buy in New York. However, it is remarkable how often New York, when its Stock Exchange opens at 3 p.m. London time, accepts the higher London quotations. It only remains to add to this technical discourse that shares purchased in New York can be brought over to this side and are good delivery on the London Stock Exchange. If odd lots (other than 100) are bought, New York adds $\frac{1}{8}$ to the price and if shares are sold in New York for delayed delivery $\frac{1}{8}$ is then deducted from the price. Is the way now clear for dealing? The British Government puts no obstacles in the way of your transferring all your capital, if desired (but I do not advise it), from British to American securities.

* * *

The trend of the New York markets is still upward, and some optimists assert that America is one or two years behind this country in the recovery movement. The cyclical recovery of the capital goods industries is fast developing, but it still has an enormous way to travel. The building trades, railroads and the public utilities are yet buying only a fraction of their steel and metal requirements of the previous boom. [The utility companies are still refusing to go ahead on account of the Utilities Act and the T.V.A., but the calling of the Power Conference by the President during the election campaign indicated that the Government is prepared to come to terms.] The industrial outlook is therefore promising. This does not mean that there will not be reactions in the New York market. Many conservative investors are nervous about the labour situation, because the labour unions gave their support to Mr. Roosevelt in the election campaign and because the President has promised legislation—to quote his own words—"to deal with working conditions, compensation for industrial diseases, accidents, unemployment or old age, shorter working hours, adequate annual incomes, proper housing and the elimination of child labour." Possibly next year will be a year of strikes, but the recovery movement has assumed such broad dimensions that most industries will be able to afford higher wages. The major steel companies, significantly, have answered Mr. Lewis' attempt to seduce their employees by granting an increase in wages of about 10 per cent.

* * *

The New York market is deriving momentary strength from the reinvestment of extra dividend disbursements. By the grace of the Revenue Act, which imposes an increasing tax on undistributed earnings, the large conservative companies are being forced to pay extra dividends before the end of the year. It is estimated that before the end of December $1,500 millions will be distributed in the form of additional dividends. The entire dividend disbursements in 1935 amounted to only $2,700 millions. Here are some suggestions for industrial investments.

	Price.	Earnings 1935.	Earnings 1936 est.	Current Dividend.	Yield % on Div.	Yield % on Est. Earnings.
American Smelting and Refining ($10 par)	102	5.01	6.50	$2.00	1.97	6.37
Fairbanks Morse (no par)	68	2.47	4.25	1.00	1.47	6.25
Shell Union Oil (no par)	26⅞	0.37	1.50	—	—	5.58
Standard Oil of Indiana ($25 par)	45	1.98	3.00	1.00	2.22	6.67
Timken Detroit Axle ($10)	25	1.02	1.75	1.00	4.00	7.00
United States Pipe and Foundry Co. ($20 par)	57	0.88	4.25	1.50	2.63	7.45
Youngstown Sheet and Tube Co. (no par)	87	0.65	8.00	—	—	9.20

American Smelting. One of the largest non-ferrous metal smelting and refining companies in the world. The company treats the copper from Kennecott properties and lead from St. Joseph Lead, and has lead mines of its own. Refining of gold and silver contributes largely to operating revenue. Funded debt $18 millions, preferred $68,400,000. Common stock 1,829,940 shares.

Fairbanks Morse. Manufactures diesel and other internal combustion engines, household products and scales. Funded debt $6,000,000. Preferred $6,565,000 in $100 shares convertible till February, 1937, one for three common. Common shares 434,528.

Shell Union. Arrears of preferred dividend will probably be paid off this year. Funded debt $60,000,000. Preferred $37,000,000. Common stock 13,070,625 shares.

Standard Oil of Indiana. Funded debt $8 millions. Capital stock 15,215,677 shares of $25 par.

Timken Detroit Axle. Largest producer of worm gear drive axles for automobile vehicles and particularly commercial trucks which provide major source of revenue. Also manufacturers of oil burners. Funded debt—none. Preferred $2,492,500. Common stock 980,000 shares.

United States Pipe and Foundry. Manufacturers of cast iron pipe and therefore interest in building revival. Funded debt $5 millions, convertible into common at $42 up to May, 1939. Common stock 600,000 shares. No preferred.

Youngstown Sheet and Tube. Fifth largest domestic steel producer, 50 per cent. of products being tubular. Funded debt $90,000,000. Preferred shares $15,000,000. Common stock 1,181,160 shares.

* * *

All these shares have been recommended to me by responsible New York houses, but I must confess that I cannot write with certainty about any one. (Nor, for that matter, can I feel certain about any British industrial.) It will be observed that I have not included any public utility or railroad equity—the former because I prefer to wait upon the outcome of the Power Conference, the latter because the emergency surcharges are due to expire at the end of this year and the Interstate Commerce Commission has not yet sanctioned a general increase in normal freight rates. (While this is being considered the railroads will probably increase maintenance expenditures in order to hide the increase in net earnings.) Perhaps I should have included a railroad equipment equity, but I should like to find one not unreasonably dear. Finally, let me insist that the best way of entering the New York market is to wait for a reaction. There are major reactions and minor reactions, but as far as I can judge from this side of the Atlantic the major sort is not likely in the near future. Ask the chart readers.

ARE YOU MOVING WITH 'THE TIMES'?

In a leading article in "The Times" of September 19th on Power and Progress the following sentence appeared:—

"The unobtrusive appearance of the cheque in the Middle Ages was the first stone in the vast structure of national and international credit, and the similarly unostentatious rise of the unit trust movement to its present dimensions is not without significance . . ."

The Electrical Industries Trust enables the public to invest sums of approximately £50 upwards over a range of 41 Companies. Its constitution combines the advantage of Trust Deed control and the simplicity of the Unit method of investment.

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CVS—19

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

EMPIRE ENTERPRISE

Below are extracts from the speech of the Chairman (The Rt. Hon. Sir Eric Geddes), at the Annual General Meeting of Imperial Airways Ltd., on Tuesday, 10 November 1936

The Chairman said:

¶ During the year under review the total traffic carried on all services was more than double that carried in the year 1932–33; that is, over 100 per cent. increase in three years

¶ During the year under review our company and our subsidiary and associated companies flew . . . over 6,500,000 miles . . . The company and its subsidiaries—but excluding associated companies—carried over 68,000 passengers and nearly 1,250 tons of mail, freight and excess baggage

¶ Despite competition with much more modern craft . . . we still carry the bulk of the traffic on all our routes

¶ On the Empire routes, as a whole, we flew over 90 per cent. more miles than the minimum necessary to earn our subsidy . . . Empire air mails . . . have risen 78 per cent. over the previous year . . . On the same services . . . our passenger traffic increased by over 26 per cent.

¶ We sold over 68 per cent. of the capacity operated over the whole of the England–India line . . . between England and Johannesburg . . . over 73 per cent.

¶ Increase in frequency over . . . our Empire lines was carried out without any increase whatever in Government subsidy; it synchronized in fact with a decrease in subsidy which . . . scales down each year

¶ Notwithstanding the greatly increased competition . . . on the European routes . . . we carried over 11 per cent. more passengers than the previous year

¶ The first of the *Empire* flying-boats has completed, with outstanding success, the Air Ministry trials . . . the full speed trial recorded 199½ miles per hour . . . the fastest flying-boats in the world . . . more silent and much more comfortable than even the *Hannibal* or *Scipio* classes

¶ The principal features of a long term agreement . . . agreed with the Government. This . . . has for its foundation . . . the execution of the Government's policy to carry the whole of the letter mail within the Empire by air

¶ His Majesty's Government has decided to entrust to our company the development of an air service across the north Atlantic . . . We are about to carry out a programme of long range flights with a view to developing the special technique required

¶ *A dividend on the ordinary shares of the company of 6% plus a bonus of 2%, both less tax, were declared as compared with a dividend of 6%, plus a bonus of 1%, both less tax, for the previous year. The net profit for the year was £140,705 compared with £133,769 for the previous year*

Full report on application to the company

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS LIMITED
Airway Terminus, S.W.1

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. After October. Wed. & Sat.

COLISEUM. The Desert Song. W., Th., Sat.

COMEDY. "All-In Marriage." Tues. & Fri.

DRURY LANE. Careless Rapture. Wed., Sat.

DUCHESS. Murder in the Cathedral. W., Th., S.

GARRICK. Storm in a Teacup. Wed., Th., Sat.

GLOBE. "Call It a Day." Wed. & Sats.

LYRIC. Charles the King. Thurs., Sats.

PALACE. This'll Make You Whistle. W., S.

PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Th., Sat.

QUEEN'S. Jane Eyre. Wed., Sat. & Dec. 21.

ROYALTY. Marigold. Wed., Thurs., Sat.

ST. JAMES'. 'Pride & Prejudice.' Wed., Sat.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tues., Fri. Till the Cows Come Home.

SAVILLE. Over She Goes. Sats.

SAVOY. "Going Places—" Thurs. & Sats.

STRAND. Aren't Men Beasts! Nov. 26.

WESTMINSTER. The Wild Duck. W. & S.

WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. W. & S.

WYNDHAM'S. "Mademoiselle." Wed., Sat.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Evgs., 8.30. W., Sat., 2.30 Tem. 6404.
MARY CLARE in
AFTER OCTOBER.
By RODNEY ACKLAND.

COLISEUM, Charing Cross. Tem. Bar 3161.
Evgs., 8.15. Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.30.
THE DESERT SONG,
with EDITH DAY and HARRY WELCHMAN.

COMEDY. 8.30. Mats., Tues., Fri., 2.30. Whi. 2578.
"ALL-IN MARRIAGE."
CORA GOFFIN. HARCOURT WILLIAMS.
VIOLET FAREBROTHER. CHRISTINE SILVER.

DRURY LANE. Tem. 7171. 8.0. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
IVOR NOVELLO, DOROTHY DICKSON,
ZENA DARE in
CARELESS RAPTURE.

DUCHESS. Tem. 8243. 4/10–12/5 (unres. 3/-). Nightly (exc. Mons.), 8.30. Mats., Wed., Th., Sat, 2.30. Following over 200 Performances at the Mercury Theatre.
MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.
T. S. ELIOT'S MASTERPIECE.
ROBERT SPEAIGHT as "BECKET."

GARRICK. (Tem. 4601.) 8.30. W., Th., Sat., 2.30.
STORM IN A TEACUP.
By JAMES BRIDIE & BRUNO FRANK.
OVER 325 PERFORMANCES.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. EVENINGS, 8.15 Sharp. Mats., WEDS. and SATS., 2.30.
FAY COMPTON & OWEN NARES in
"CALL IT A DAY."
By Dodie Smith.

LYRIC, Shaftesbury Avenue. (Ger. 3686.)
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., THURS. & SATS., 2.30.
BARRY JONES. GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES
in **CHARLES THE KING.**
JOYCE KENNEDY. GEORGE MERRITT.

PALACE. Ger. 6834. 8.15. Wed., Sat. 2.30.
JACK BUCHANAN in
THIS'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE,
with ELSIE RANDOLPH.

PLAYHOUSE. OVER 200 PERFS. Whi. 7774. Evgs., 8.30. Ex. Mon. Mats., Wed., Thurs., Sat., at 2.30.
NANCY PRICE in
WHITEOAKS.

QUEEN'S THEATRE. Gerrard 4517.
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., WED., SAT. & Dec. 21, 2.30.
JANE EYRE.
CURIGWEN LEWIS. REGINALD TATE.

ROYALTY. (Ger. 7331.) Evgs. (exc. Mon.), 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Box. Day, etc., Twice Daily.
SOPHIE STEWART in
MARIGOLD, with JEAN CLYDE.

ST. JAMES'. Last 2 Weeks. (Whitehall 3903.)
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WED., SAT., 2.30.
"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE."
The Jane Austen Novel dramatised by Helen Jerome.

ST. MARTIN'S. TEM. BAR 1443.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Fri., 2.30.
TILL THE COWS COME HOME.

SAVILLE. Tem. 4011. 8.15. Mat., Sats., 2.30.
STANLEY LUPINO in
OVER SHE GOES.
Musical Tantivy with LADDIE CLIFF.

SAVOY. Pit & Amphi. Unreserved. Tem. Bar 8888.
EVENINGS at 8.30. Mats., THURS. & SAT., 2.30.
ARTHUR RISCOE and JUNE KNIGHT in
"GOING PLACES—"

STRAND. Tem. 2660. Evenings at 8.30.
Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton, John Mills in
AREN'T MEN BEASTS!
Next Mats., Nov. 26, Thurs., Sat. & Dec. 28, 2.30.

UNITY THEATRE CLUB, Britannia St., King's Cross. **"WHERE'S THAT BOMB?"** The taxi-men's play. Ten nights, Fri., Nov. 13th, to Sun., Nov. 22nd. Tickets 2/6, 1/6 & 1/-, Members and Friends only. Associate membership 1/- per year. Apply Secy. Terminus 3148.

WESTMINSTER. Vic. 0283. 6/-, 3/6, 2/6 (Bookable).
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
THE WILD DUCK.
By HENRIK IBSEN.

WHITEHALL. (Whi. 6692.) 2nd YEAR.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30. Smoking.
ANTHONY AND ANNA.
A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

WYNDHAM'S. Tem. 3028. 8.30 Wed., Sat. 2.30.
MADGE ISABEL GREER
TITHERADGE JEANS GARSON in
"MADEMOISELLE."

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981
A great Finnish Epic,
"FREDLOS" (OUTCAST) (A).
The story of a love and endurance which brought freedom to an enslaved people.

EVERYMAN (Opp. Hampstead Tube Stn. Ham. 2285)
MONDAY, 16th NOVEMBER, for 7 DAYS.
BETTE DAVIS and
LESLIE HOWARD in
THE PETRIFIED FOREST (A).

ART GALLERY

LEICESTER GALLERIES, Leicester Square. 10–6.
(1) HENRY MOORE, Sculpture.
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LONDON GROUP Exhibition of Paintings and Sculpture, New Burlington Galleries, Burlington Gardens, W.1. November 12th–28th. Daily 10 till 5.30.

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Evgs., 8. Sats., 5 & 8.15.
Heroes Don't Care. By Margot Neville.

HARROGATE. The White Rose Players.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Chinese Bungalow.
By Marion Osmond & James Corbet.

HULL Little.
Evgs., 8. Mat., Sat., 5.
The Composite Man. By Ronald Jeans.

LIVERPOOL Playhouse.
Evgs., 7.45. Mat., Sat., 2.30.
As You Like It. By Shakespeare.

MANCHESTER Repertory.
Evgs., 7.30.
Distinguished Gathering. By James Parrish.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of The Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, J. Baxter Somerville, Messrs. Baxter & Co., 12 Victoria St., London, S.W.1. WHI. 6407.*

MISCELLANEOUS

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

A Course of Three Lectures on OLD ENGLISH INSCRIPTIONS IN THE RUNIC CHARACTER will be given by BRUCE DICKINS (Professor of English Language in the University of Leeds) at UNIVERSITY COLLEGE (Gower Street, W.C.1) on FRIDAYS, NOVEMBER 20th and 27th and DECEMBER 4th, at 5.30 p.m. At the First Lecture the Chair will be taken by The Provost of University College (Dr. Allen Mawer).

A Course of Two Lectures on "THE ECONOMIC HISTORY OF SWEDEN," will be given by PROF. ELI F. HECKSCHER, Professor of Economic History in the Handelshogskolan, Stockholm, at THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS (Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2), on THURSDAYS, NOVEMBER 26th and DECEMBER 3rd, at 5 p.m. At the first Lecture the Chair will be taken by His Excellency the Swedish Minister (Baron Palmstierna).

A Course of Three Lectures on "LA PHILOSOPHIE DE CARLYLE," will be given by PROF. VICTOR BASCH, Honorary Professor of Philosophy at the Sorbonne, Paris, at KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON (Strand, W.C.2), on NOVEMBER 23rd, 24th and 25th, at 5.30 p.m. At the first Lecture the Chair will be taken by Miss Hilda D. Oakeley, D.Lit., M.A.

ADMISSION FREE, WITHOUT TICKET.

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PUBLIC LECTURE AT 5.15 p.m.

November 25th.—The Stevenson Lecture on "SOCIAL POLICY AND THE DEPRESSED AREAS." By PROFESSOR JOHN JEWKES, M.Com.

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WAR IN SPAIN
Its origins, its character and its implications.
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Sir P. CHALMERS MITCHELL
Señor ENRIQUE MORENO
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at 8 p.m., on TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 17th.
Admission free. Tickets 2s. 6d. and 1s.
National Peace Council, 39 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

DEFENCE AND THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE SCIENTIST.
Meeting and discussion organised by Association of Scientific Workers. Chairman: Prof. J. B. S. Haldane. Speakers: PROF. S. CHAPMAN, AIR-COMMODORE L. E. O. CHARLTON, and others. 8 p.m. Thursday, Nov. 19th, at Mathematics Theatre, Huxley Bldg., Royal College of Science, Exhibition Road, S. Kensington.

DR. SPENCER JONES will speak on
"A JOURNEY TO THE MOON"
(Lantern Lecture)
at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn,
on Tuesday, November 17th, at 7 p.m.
Admission Free.

MODERN CULTURE INSTITUTE.
DR. HAR DAYAL, M.A., Ph.D., will speak on Friday, November 20th, at 8 p.m., at the Caxton Hall. Admission Free.
Subject: "PEACE AND WORLD GOVERNMENT."
Read Dr. Dayal's book, "Hints for Self-Culture" (Watts). "It is a book written by a cosmopolitan spirit of unusual erudition" (*The New Humanist*).

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, Holborn.—Sunday, November 15th, at 11 a.m. PROF. B. MALINOWSKI, Ph.D.: "THE ETHICS OF MODERN WARFARE IN THE LIGHT OF EVOLUTION." 6.30 p.m. Concert Chamber Music. Admission Free. Visitors welcome.

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, November 15th, at 11, JOHN KATZ: "THE BATTLE OF THE IDEOLOGIES." 6.30, MISS A. I. COIT: "CONSOLATION AND A LIFE AFTER DEATH."

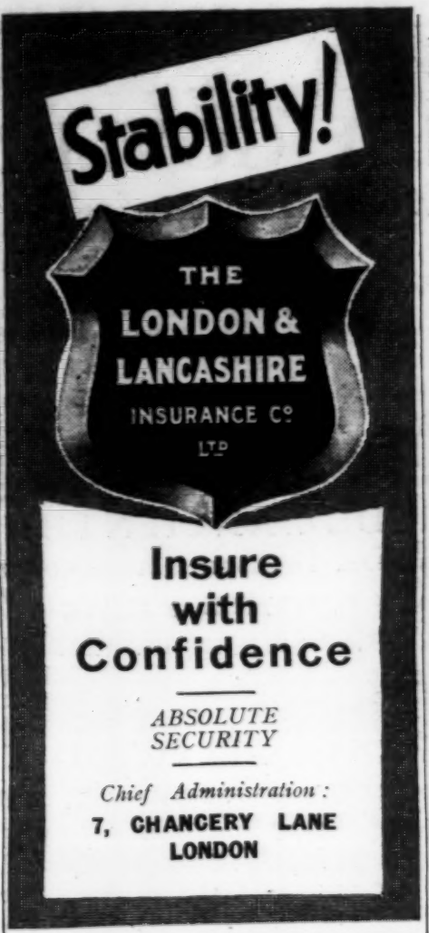
GUILDHOUSE, Eccleston Square, S.W.1. Sunday, November 15th. At 6.30, DR. MAUDE ROYDEN: "OLD, YOUNG AND THE MISSING GENERATION."

HAMPSTEAD ETHICAL SOCIETY, 153 Finchley Rd., Swiss Cottage, Sunday, Nov. 15th, at 6.15, J. F. HORRABIN: "AFRICA AND THE WORLD."

ASPECTS of Italian Life, Literature and Art in the Sixteenth Century. A course of lectures based on original and unpublished research by leading authorities will be given at the Institute of Education, Southampton Row, W.C.1, from January 2nd–9th, 1937. Full particulars from the Honorary Secretary, Miss V. S. M. FRASER, 10 Compton Chambers, 46 Old Compton Street, W.1.

ALL Russian Evening, Suffolk Galleries, Haymarket. Russian Dancing, Russian Songs, etc. Tickets 2s. 6d. 8 till 1. Russia To-day Socials Committee.

DIRECTIONS IN CONTEMPORARY POETRY. DAVID GASCOYNE will be back from Spain to continue the series: America, France, the Future, on Monday, November 16th, 8 p.m. at Bogey's Bar, Southampton Row, W.C.1.



LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

INSTITUTE OF SOCIOLOGY — LE PLAY HOUSE

CHRISTMAS VACATION.

(1) Saturday, January 2nd, to Friday, January 8th, 1937. WINTER SCHOOL of CIVICS.
(*a*) Lectures and discussions on Sociology and Civics and their application to Education and Social Service.
(*b*) Exhibition of local Survey materials and teaching experiments.
(*c*) Field Work in the London area.

(2) Tuesday, December 29th, 1936, to Saturday, January 9th, 1937.—CIVIC STUDIES IN COLOGNE. A study of the city and its surroundings in co-operation with the Department of Sociology of the University of Cologne. Leaders: Mr. T. H. Marshall, M.A., Professor Von Wiese, and Dr. Gierlichs.

Particulars and further information may be obtained from the Hon. Organiser of Field Studies (MRS. A. FARQUHARSON, M.A.), 35 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

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